

# THE READER'S DIGEST

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No. 80

DECEMBER, NINETEEN TWENTY-EIGHT

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**EDITORS**

*De Witt Wallace*

*Lila Bell Acheson*

*Ralph E. Henderson*

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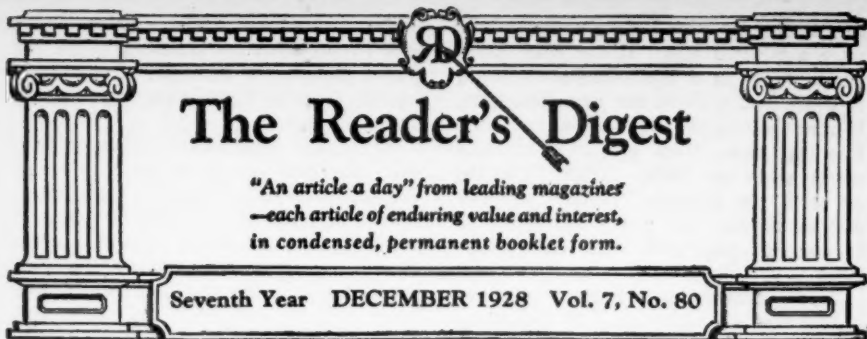
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# The Reader's Digest

"An article a day" from leading magazines  
—each article of enduring value and interest,  
in condensed, permanent booklet form.

Seventh Year DECEMBER 1928 Vol. 7, No. 80

## *Rich Relations*

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine (November, '28)

*Edwin A. McAlpin*

CHARLES LAMB, in his inimitable essay, "Poor Relations," took pity on the less fortunate members of society and placed them on a pedestal that assures them of literary immortality. Has not the time come to extend a like courtesy to Rich Relations?

Rich Relations are a delusion and a snare. They are a mirage in the desert; they are Dead Sea apples filled with dust and ashes. They are patronizing to our attainments and curt to our friends. They are supercilious to our sensibilities and critical of our failures. They are a stitch in the side to all social aspirations and a crick in the neck to our peace of mind.

Rich Relations are considered an asset by those who are fortunate enough not to have any. Every one who is afflicted with them discovers they are a liability and a constant source of irritation. They are dispensers of second-hand clothing and last-minute theater tickets. Speaking of hand-me-down clothes—a recipient of a Rich Relation's bounty once said: "All the things they send me are nice. So nice that I am delighted to get them. But I wish I

could once in a while buy my own clothes and the things I really want. It certainly gets tiresome always wearing the kind of clothes other people select."

At best, the donations of Rich Relations do not compensate for the extravagant standard of living they establish for their family connections. Their gifts are either luxuries or the kind of things they think their poor relations ought to have rather than the every-day necessities of life. Rich Relations prefer to give fur coats which are neither needed nor desired to paying for bread and potatoes. The essentials of life and health are too plebeian for them to think about.

While it is unfair to blame Rich Relations for all our extravagances, they are unquestionably pace-makers who run us off our feet and also run us into debt. They establish the standard of living for all their connections and seldom become contributors to the financial resources of the poor and needy members of the family. No one lives down to the income of their poor relations. Every one strives to live up to their Rich Relations. This effort to live up to the standards

established by Rich Relations makes the pace a difficult one. When Rich Relations travel in a Rolls-Royce ordinary mortals find a Ford car unsatisfactory. Where they might own a Ford and have financial ease, they get a Buick and worry over the bills. Often "keeping up with the Joneses" is only another way of saying that every one is trying to keep in step with their Rich Relations.

The increased cost of living is strapped onto a man's back by his Rich Relations. They not only determine the kind of a car he must buy, but also decide on what street he must live. The man with Rich Relations has to strain his pocketbook to pay rent in the "right kind" of social atmosphere. Living in the "wrong neighborhood" is looked upon as an insult to the whole family's prestige and traditions. It takes many trunkfuls of second-hand clothing and a cart-load of last-minute theater tickets, which are after all only an extravagant and needless form of recreation, to compensate for this increase in the rent bill.

Often the demon of worry is introduced into healthy minds because people are unable to make their income meet the expense account wished on them by their Rich Relations. Worry develops nervous disorders which ruin physical health and destroy business efficiency. It is a vicious circle: the more a person worries, the more difficult the problem becomes. A drastic cut in living expenses is frequently the only possible solution. Rich Relations make any such radical action next to an impossibility, and yet some of the most homelike homes found in every community are on the "ragged edge of respectability." These are the homes of cultured people who are blessed by having no Rich Relations.

The father of such a family once said: "I don't believe Old Money Bags Smith (the local rich man) gets as much fun out of his big estate as I do out of my

little garden and home. Why, I am sure I have more fun planning to get the parlor papered or a couple of new rose-bushes than he does in buying a whole house and lot."

The whole question of riches or poverty depends on a person's idea of values. The finest minds in each generation find more satisfaction in scientific research, art, literature, or social work than in merely making money. Future generations rise up and call these scientists, artists, authors, and reformers genii and benefactors. In the judgment of these people of outstanding intellect the ability to make money is only a low order of intelligence; it is good in a way, but it is not the best thing a man can do.

Riches and poverty are always measured by a sliding scale which never registers twice alike. In a large family there are sure to be some members who at one and the same time are living in a dual relationship. They have Rich Relations who are setting a financial pace that these individuals find it impossible to follow. They have other less prosperous family connections to whom their standard of living is a burdensome pacemaker. During the passing of the years one branch of a family is up and another down. Today we are struggling to keep in step with our prosperous connections and tomorrow we are setting the pace for our less fortunate relations.

To meet these varying vicissitudes of life every one needs a well-developed sense of humor. Yesterday we smiled with Charles Lamb at the foibles of our Poor Relations. Today let us laugh in all kindness at the idiosyncrasies of our Rich Relations. A fortunate turn in the wheel of life may cast our lot among them before we know it!

The most comforting thought of all is that character, intelligence, and the joy of life cannot be measured in terms of money, and these are the things that mean the most for human happiness.





# The Mucker Pose

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (November, '28)

James Truslow Adams

SEVERAL of my friends have recently put to me a question which I have been hesitatingly asking myself on successive returns from abroad. "Why," they ask, "is it that a gentleman in America nowadays seems afraid to appear as such; that even university men try to appear uncultured; and that the pose of a gentleman and a scholar is that of the man in the street?" A few nights ago a literary friend of mine complained that the verbal criticism of many of the writers whom he knew had descended to the moronic classifications of "hot stuff," "bully," "rot," and so on. These writers, often meticulous in the artistry of their own work and thoroughly competent to criticize acutely that of others, appeared afraid to do so lest they be considered literary poseurs. The real pose in their cases was in talking like news-agents on a railroad train.

The mucker-poseurs do not content themselves with talking like uneducated half-wits. They also emulate the language and manners of the bargee and the longshoreman. A member of a most distinguished family and a young university graduate described his new position in the banking world as "the God damndest most interesting job in the world." Both among men and women of the supposedly cultivated classes such profanity is much on the increase. I know of a man who has recently declined to take foreign visitors to his club for dinner any longer on account of the unfortunate impression which would be made upon them by the hard swearing of the American gentlemen, mucker-poseurs, at the surrounding tables.

In the case of the young this pose is

more understandable, just as it is more international. But what of their elders, men who have lived long enough to have developed personalities of their own, men who appreciate the value of cultivating both mind and manners? Why should they assume as a protective coloration the manners and level of thought of those who are beneath them?

It would seem as though no sane person with a knowledge of the past of his own species and any adequate insight into human nature could fail to believe in the absolute need of *some* standards, *some* established values to save us from wallowing about in the welter of sensations, impulses, attractions and repulsions which form so much of this strange dream we call life. The standards, the values, will undoubtedly alter from time to time and from place to place; but that does not invalidate the need of having some of them at any one given time and place. A story is told of an English gentleman who was sent out as governor of an island where the entire population was black and savage. He dressed for his solitary dinner every night as though he were about to take a taxi to the smartest residence in Park Lane. He did so not from habit but from knowledge of human nature. "If," he said, "I should drop this convention of civilized society, I should find myself some day having dropped one and another of the more important conventions, social and moral, and lower myself to the level of these blacks. Evening clothes are far more important here than they ever were in London."

Our lack of culture is most evident in our extreme slovenliness in the use of the English language. There is, of course,

some slang which is not slovenly but which has been born in some flash of genuine insight. But this is not true of the vast mass of slang words and cheap and easy expressions which are intellectually slovenly and nothing else; and anyone habitually using them impairs the keenness of his mind as much as he would the strength of his body by lolling in a hammock all his life. There is no question but that the constant use of slang and clichés worn smooth blur the sense of discrimination. The very first step toward a cultivated mind is the development of the ability rationally to discriminate, to distinguish between varying values and qualities. To describe anything accurately—book, picture, man or woman—so as to bring out their unique individual qualities, calls for mental exercise of no mean order. One has to train one's self to do it and keep in training. If one dodges every call for discrimination, if one gets no farther in describing a book than "hot stuff," one loses the power after a while even if one ever possessed it. Slovenly language corrodes the mind.

Perhaps, in our democracy, the greatest pressure on the individual to force him to be wary of how he appears to others—to assume a pose—is business. Nearly every man wants to make himself popular with his employers, his fellow-workers, his office superiors, or his customers. For business reasons it is essential that men should be at least moderately popular. On an unprecedented scale, tacitly understood but not openly acknowledged, there is competition for personal popularity. In stock brokerage it is needful to "play with your customers." In salesmanship the "personal approach" is of first importance. And so it goes.

In order to gain this popularity, one thing is fundamentally necessary. You must never appear to be superior even if you are. To display a knowledge or taste in art or literature not possessed by your "prospect" may be fatal. It is safest to plump yourself down to his level at once. This pressure of the majority was amusingly exemplified to

me the other day when I was looking for a house to rent in a pleasant suburb. In the house shown me—as is usually the case—the lawn was as open to the public gaze as the street itself. I thought of delightful English or French gardens, surrounded by hedge or wall, where one could putter absurdly over one's plants, or read one's book, and remarked to the "realtor" that it would be pleasant to have a hedge though I supposed it could not be done on account of the neighbors. "I say No," he answered with pained surprise, "if you are going to be 'high hat' you won't last long here." Just so, and so many things in this country are "high hat" which in other lands simply make for sane and cultivated living that it is no wonder that the business man whose car and cellarette, if not bread and butter, depend so often on his popularity, has to walk warily.

In assuming the "mucker pose" the gentleman does not, of course, descend as low as the "mucker" but he does, in self-defense, for the sake of peace and quiet, for business success, and for the sake of not offending the motley crowd of his neighbors, shed enough of his own personality not to offend the average.

This pose does not necessarily constitute an indictment of American life, but it does point to one of the possible losses. For it is a loss when a man deliberately uses worse manners than he knows how to use, to be average when he is above it. Are not those who adopt the mucker pose traitors to all that is best in the world and which has been so hardly built up? An impoverished aristocrat may sell his title in marriage for one generation to rehabilitate his house, but Americans who sell their culture and their breeding to truckle to the unbred in business, who shed these things of the spirit for motor cars and all the rest of the things of the body, are taking refuge in a yet more ignominious surrender. They may thus pick up some golden drippings, but they do not gain the respect of the muckers whom they imitate and may yet awake to the fact that they have properly forfeited even their own.

# *The Canal Is the Answer*

Condensed from *The Century* (November '28)

*Cyrus French Wicker*

**D**URING the past year, in which we have read of United States warships and marines being sent to Nicaragua, many Americans have asked themselves what it is all about. Every event in Nicaragua now presents a question. To every question one answer must be given—the "canal."

All Americans are aware that it is the canal route that gives to Panama its position of importance; but few are aware that up to the time the Panama Canal was built, the Nicaraguan route was considered, by the majority of the commissions sent down by our Government to study all possibilities, the better, as it is the nearer, cheaper and more practicable of the two. So the basic fact of the whole Nicaraguan tangle is that Nicaragua is the site of the only alternative interoceanic canal which might be constructed in the future.

The Panama Canal is now operating at 70 percent of its capacity. With the demands of increasing world trade the early building of the Nicaraguan Canal becomes an economic necessity. When it is considered that the highest estimate for building this canal is \$160,000,000, as compared with \$412,000,000 already expended in Panama, the case for the Nicaraguan route becomes increasingly evident.

Its value is clearly understood by our Government—quite apart, moreover, from the all-important argument in favor of the alternative canal route as essential for our defense in time of war. It would be disaster if the United States should be involved in a war with one of the great powers and any injury should happen to the locks at either end of the Panama Canal. The precious water,

which takes two years to impound, might then, in spite of emergency dams, run away and our fleet be left stranded among the Cordilleras or divided by the long voyage around Cape Horn. It is vitally important, therefore, to the protection of the United States and to the maintenance of our trade and commerce, that the Nicaraguan Canal, where water is abundant, be built.

Before any canal can be built, the right to build it must be obtained by treaty from the government in possession of the desired route. In the case of Panama this right had to be obtained from Colombia, and this right was refused. All the world knows the result of this refusal and the events which in 1902 led to the separation of Panama from Colombia, the recognition by the United States of the new republic and the subsequent signing of the treaty. At that time negotiations were undertaken with Nicaragua to the same end; but were in like manner rejected and the building of the Nicaraguan route indefinitely postponed.

Nicaragua was at that time under the control of a typical Central American dictator, Zelaya, who steadfastly refused to sign any canal treaty whatever with the United States. He was the leader of the Liberal party, and, in the usual manner, had driven the leaders of the opposing Conservative party into exile. In Central America the "ins" are really in; and the "outs" would better get out, figuratively and literally. To speak of fair elections in such a state of political autocracy is to speak of something unknown to the Central American citizen. With such a dictator, any canal treaty was completely blocked.

Our opportunity came in 1912. In that year a revolution broke out on the restless east coast of Nicaragua, which has always tried to break away from the central government, declare its independence, and sell its valuable canal rights to the highest bidder. Zelaya sent against the revolutionists 800 soldiers in a troop ship, which followed exactly the route of the proposed canal, across Lake Nicaragua and down the San Juan River.

It so happened that two Americans, Groce and Cannon, had joined the revolutionists, and although not in uniform, these two men laid a mine in the San Juan River and attempted to blow up the troop ship. It exploded a little prematurely, and, though a few Nicaraguans were washed overboard and drowned, the greater number managed to scramble ashore. Groce and Cannon took to the woods, but came out three days later, starving, and were captured and sentenced by court-martial to be shot. A delay of 11 days followed, during which efforts were made through the United States Consul for their release; but the crime was too base; Zelaya refused to countermand the order and Groce and Cannon were executed.

The result was of course to stir up feeling between resident Americans and Nicaraguans, and, in order to protect the interests of the United States citizens, American marines were sent to Nicaragua. Resistance was offered by Zelaya with a result that the intervention became a war in which some 2000 Nicaraguans were killed, the capital captured, and Zelaya forced into exile.

With his flight a Conservative party came into power and its leader, Adolfo Diaz, was elected president. This office has been held by members of the Conservative party, under the protection of American marines, ever since. Their mere presence, although reduced to 110 officers and men and called a "Legation Guard," has exerted such moral effect on the Nicaraguan people that until this past year no serious revolutionary outbreak has occurred.

The most important result that followed directly upon the war with Zelaya was the preparation of the "Bryan-Chamorro Treaty," which was promptly ratified by the Government of Diaz. Under this treaty the right to construct, operate and maintain a canal was sold to the United States for \$3,000,000. The whole trouble now centers in the fact that the Diaz Conservative party is apparently in the minority, that the great bulk of the Nicaraguan people are Liberals. Of course, in the absence of fair elections, it is difficult to determine which party is in the majority. And if the Liberal party were returned to power, its first act might be to abrogate the Canal Treaty as having been signed by a government sustained only by the presence of American marines.

There in essence lies the difficulty. The abrogation of that treaty might greatly disconcert us. The United States has already had difficulty in maintaining those treaty rights. Costa Rica, for one thing, claims that Nicaragua has infringed Costa Rican rights by the treaty. The San Juan River, the boundary between Costa Rica and Nicaragua, by most ancient law belongs equally to Costa Rica and Nicaragua, and the canal route is along this river.

That is one side of the story. The brighter side is that, since the treaty, Nicaragua has enjoyed such freedom from civil war and such prosperity as to make her the envy of her neighbors. The canal will undoubtedly bring a flood of prosperity to that little country exceeding even that of Panama.

Moreover, our country recognizes the inestimable advantage to the entire world of keeping the canal—a supremely strategic point of the Caribbean area—under the control of the United States and thereby precluding it from ever becoming a cause of war. Abrogation of the treaty would disturb the present peace of the Caribbean, the very safety of the Central American countries themselves. By controlling this strategic point, the United States will ensure its own safety and make the Caribbean area a peaceful sea.

## *Some Have Stopped Drinking*

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post (January 28, '28)

*Evangeline Booth*

**M**Y father, General William Booth, started the Salvation Army standing on a soap box outside one of the blackest, most degraded saloons in the East End of London. His followers, in carrying on warfare against sin and poverty, always have found their frontier most clearly defined at the doors of saloons. What do they say of prohibition?

The New York Bowery is a good place to take soundings. As the bony carcasses of dead creatures of the deep sink to the ocean floor, so the thwarted and spiritless men of New York finally sink to the Bowery. Before prohibition there were eight licensed saloons to be counted in every block of the Bowery, besides many unlicensed speak-easies, brothels, frightful dance halls, murderous dives of every variety. Shuffling along the pavements one encountered thousands of men who were a perpetual challenge to that slogan of the Salvation Army which insists that a man may be down, but he's never out.

Recently the Salvationist in command of that district, a man who had been familiar with it in the old days, made a count of the speak-easies and discovered that there were 15 within a mile, dingy places the customers of which pass into a stupor within half an hour after they begin to drink the chemical fluid that is poured into their glasses from white china pitchers kept under the bar. Practically all the customers, he reported, were old men who attempt to satisfy old cravings with these synthetic poisons.

"We seldom see a young drunkard among the homeless men on the Bowery. We do what we can for the old rummies, for the ones whose appetites took pos-

session of their decent instincts before prohibition."

In 1913 this same officer was stationed in Jersey City, where there were 1200 saloons, across the bars of which on a Saturday night 85,000 men would be squandering their week's wages. In doorways, on the sidewalks, in gutters, as the night wore on, were to be seen helpless men and women. These were not homeless people. They were American workers and the money they had squandered, we of the Salvation Army knew, was money needed for food, clothing and shelter of their poor families.

That officer conceived a plan for shielding the collapsed drunkards from the thieves who hunted them as mercilessly as wolves. He made stretchers and sent out men in pairs to pick up the drunkards. Some nights 25 or 30 such men and women were brought in. Hot coffee was given to them until they were sobered. For those who could not be sobered there were cots. How short are the memories people have! In what industrial center of America does anything of that sort occur today?

Let me ask you to step back in memory to those days when the doors of saloons swung wide. There were Boweries then in every city in the land. There was Whiskey Row in Packingtown, behind the Chicago stockyards. About 15 saloons of the old Whisky Row have given place to the splendid Packingtown Day Nursery. Drug stores, barber shops and automobile salesrooms have entered into other vacated saloon quarters. Vice has not disappeared, I know; but it is not so bold as it was before prohibition.

It is sometimes argued on country-



club porches and in drawing-rooms that women are drinking more than they did in former days. I do not think so. The Salvation Army in its Eastern division operates ten rescue homes for women—chiefly unmarried mothers—with a total capacity of 500. Before prohibition in each of those homes we were always trying to straighten out half a dozen or more drink cases, and if you can imagine anything more tragic than a newly born baby lying in the arms of a drink-soaked mother your imagination outstrips mine. Today, in all our rescue homes, there are no more than half a dozen inmates addicted to beer or whisky.

I do not believe there is in all America today a hotel enterprise low enough to be called a flop house for women; yet I can remember when there were some in every large city. There was one in Cherry Street in New York. It was an unroofed yard in the rear of a frightful tenement. Nearly all the grocers in that region maintained drinking rooms in the rear of their stores. Women who entered to buy groceries, and then had a few drinks in the back room, often forgot that there were children at home who needed that food. Many of the customers of the grocery drinking places were homeless women and when they were sleepy with beer they would go into that tenement to which I have referred and pay for the privilege of sleeping in one of the bunks that were built in tiers of three. If they had only five or ten cents they were permitted to go into the yard and sleep on the ground. In the summer, from one of the tenement flats overlooking that yard, you might look down and see 20 or more American women snoring there in a hideous concert.

Most of those women were too old to get into worse places the proprietors of which were all too willing to welcome younger women stupefied by drink. Our workers in the tenement field today believe that most of the patrons of the flop houses for women are dead, and they know the type is not being recruited.

I wish all those who question whether any change for the better has been worked in America might observe the

conditions in the slums abroad. One of our London homes shelters about 200 women, three-quarters of whom are so absolutely degraded by drink as to appear beyond the hope of redemption. They are in rags and tatters, bleary-eyed and indecent. Drinking is responsible for their condition and there is no use ascribing the cause to anything else. In Dundee, Edinburgh, Glasgow and other industrial cities the Salvation Army homes are trying to work some sort of regeneration in a type of womanhood so degraded that one shudders to think of their condition. You could not recruit such a lot of women in this land of prohibition if you tried. They are not here, although we used to have some bad ones.

There is some drinking among the poor in the United States, beyond question, and bootleg alcohol makes poverty with quite as much potency as alcohol that is bottled in bond. But there is far less drinking than when liquor was to be had at every corner. The volume of drinking is amazingly, gloriously, lessened.

There has been such a revolutionary change in the lower strata of American society during the past eight years that the Salvation Army has been required to make almost equally revolutionary changes in its machinery for relieving distress. We scrapped our ten and fifteen cent lodgings some time ago because there were no longer men to sleep in them. The men uncharitably called bums are disappearing. We have room and jobs for more worthy men in our industrial homes, because they are no longer besieged by a clamorous swarm of drunken wrecks.

Because we do not have to devote so much costly effort to parents, we have much more time to devote to helpless children. We have been able to expand our prison work. With all emphasis, I declare that there is less misery in the homes of the poor in America today because of the disappearance of saloons. Tens of thousands of homes have been reestablished because—through prohibition—some Americans have stopped drinking.

# Hospitals

Condensed from *The American Mercury* (November, '28)

*Chester T. Crowell*

AS the head of a large family I have been an observer and patron of hospitals for more than 17 years, though never a patient. I recall eight of them distinctly, but I may have forgotten one or two. And, save in one case, I have been a deeply dissatisfied customer.

My first experience came in 1912 when our first child was born. Like most young husbands I knew virtually nothing about the details of such an adventure nor about the astounding length of the ordeal. In that case it was 14 hours. I had asked a few questions but I got no information exact enough to prepare me. The result was that I reached the conclusion that my wife was doomed. Even now I would hesitate to confess such ignorance but for the fact that every husband with whom I have ever discussed the subject made the same confession. Hour after hour there was an appalling scurrying about; nurses went in and out, all looking tense and worried. I held my peace as long as I could, but finally ventured into the corridor and indicated, hesitantly, that I would like to have a bulletin. The nurses showed me by their silence, by refusing to recognize my presence, that I was not entitled to any information. But at that time I couldn't imagine such a point of view. I thought they were simply being merciful. The inference was obvious to me. My wife was about to die.

Eventually there was silence. Nurses now walked slowly. I thought I knew what that meant. In cruel agony I returned to the little room where I had been parked and fainted for the first and last time in my life. I remained

there nearly an hour, without will to move. Then a beaming nurse came in to announce: "It's a girl." I learned later that professional pride had prompted them to make everything ship-shape before letting me see my wife. Sheets had been changed, the mother washed, the baby washed; in short, they had done everything except paint the building and plant a garden before informing me that mother and child were alive. I was expected to admire their efficiency. But I was too weak, by that time, to admire it.

Certainly what I have described doesn't happen in every case—but it is by no means unusual. For some mysterious reason the people in a hospital almost always regard the husband of a woman having a child as an enemy of society. I have heard more than one nurse say: "Let him sweat; it's good for him." They seem to feel that somehow the score between mother and father can be evened by making him as miserable as possible. Why doesn't it occur to them that if he really deserved such cruelty it would miss its mark by a hundred yards because he wouldn't give a damn? This senseless torture is made possible only by the fact that he does care.

Another criticism of hospitals I can sum up by saying that they have a rigidity of rule that would be far more in place in a penitentiary. They are not human enough to deal with sick people. If a patient has slept very little during the night but is sleeping soundly at the hour for the morning bath nothing but a shotgun will protect that patient from that bath at the moment it is due. Likewise meals will banish sleep, not because that is good for the patient, but

because it is convenient for the hospital.

I am acquainted with one hospital where it is the rule to have all doors open, regardless of the wishes of the patients. This makes it easier for the nurses to glance in as they go about their work. The fact that it also opens the way for the curious glances of everybody else who happens to be wandering through the corridors evidently seems to the management a squeamish objection.

Having paid many hospital bills I would assume—if proof to the contrary were not overwhelming—that hospitals were about the most profitable institutions in America. Instead, nearly all of them are on the edge of a deficit or deep in the red. Their rates, as I have encountered them, range from \$10 to \$20 a day for a small room. The walls of that room are a deadly white. Most of them do not have private baths or telephone connections, and the furnishings are few and painfully plain. It is true that they include food in their charges, but for \$15 a day I feel that I am entitled to a free library, an excellent orchestra, and unlimited bell-boy service; in short, to what a hotel would give at half that cost.

Many hospital executives have tried to explain this mystery to me and I have listened attentively but I am not convinced. I am willing to forego the orchestra but I think it just plain dumb not to have good libraries. The truth of the matter is that they haven't yet awakened to the fact that they are inescapably in the hotel business. I can see their noses go up at this, but it is true and some day they will find it out. When they do so calling a hospital by telephone will not—as it does now—rank with shooting the moon. They will learn how to put food on trays with some semblance of the daintiness so easily learned and practised by the unlittered Bohunks in our hotels.

One of the explanations of the top prices for hospital rooms is that they help support the wards downstairs. Hospital service is almost never offered on a business basis. The institution is born of humanitarianism. I should not

object to this system if the best rooms were really luxurious, but they aren't. A man earning \$3000 a year in a big city and occupying a small apartment would have a better bedroom than he can get for \$15 a day in a big city hospital. Consequently, when he goes to the hospital he feels that he must have the best, not because it is grand, but because he doubts that he can endure anything less. The result is that he strips himself, and takes a room that includes a donation to charity.

I submit that this is all wrong. When a man or his wife or any other member of his family is in a hospital it is no time to ask him to give to charity, and certainly it is no time to force him to do so. Some other provision ought to be made for steerage passengers, not only on economic grounds but for other reasons no less vital. From observation and conversation I am led to conclude that the ward patients don't always get a square deal. Of course, since hospitals are medical training schools, the ward patients will probably always have to put up with students, but unless I have been woefully misled, they are also subjected to a great deal of experimenting. Their legitimate complaints may not be neglected, but sometimes they get medical and surgical attention that they don't need—or at least that no one is sure they need. What we need is hospitals with different tariffs just as we have hotels of different types. To have the Mill's Hotel in the basement of the Ritz-Carlton would be a mistake. Let the staff at the Mill's be just as eager to make good as the staff of the Plaza.

As life is now organized in this country, hospitals ought not to be sickled o'er with the hypocrisy of charity. Well-conducted hospitals for the poorest of the poor are a public necessity. I am more than willing to pay taxes to that end. That's the way such needs ought to be provided for, not by slapping a surtax on me when one of the children parts with its tonsils. In short, this very fundamental theory of our hospitals is out of date, out of tune with the times.

# Alaska—Uncle Sam's Coming Paper Factory

Condensed from The World's Work (November, '28)

W. B. Greeley, Former Chief, U. S. Forest Service

"BUT what, after all, is Alaska worth?" Travelers, returning from summer trips in Alaska, question Federal expenditure for building roads and providing boats and maintaining numerous officials. They have seen only a great frontier, thinly peopled. They have brought back the impression that Uncle Sam has a white elephant on his hands. What returns are we getting from this wilderness?

It would not be difficult to justify the dollars spent in Alaska. She has much more than paid back in minerals, fisheries, furs, and lumber. But a fresh and still more effective answer is promised in the establishment of great paper plants in our northern territory. This episode in the story of Alaska will be the first time in the United States that a great forest region is developed from the start on timber as a *crop* rather than timber as a *mine*.

Anyone who has cruised the coast of southern Alaska has seen the Tongass National Forest, with thousands of miles of coast and the steep slopes above them almost uniformly covered with dense forests of hemlock and spruce. It is a wet country, with a yearly precipitation along the coast of the panhandle of from 80 to 160 inches; and the luxuriance of the forests and the volume of the streams show it. It is a country of mild winters, with mean temperatures only a little lower than those of Puget Sound. The snow-bound, dog-sled, Eskimo picture of Alaska in the minds of many Americans is wide of the mark on the southeastern coast, bathed by the warm waters of the Japanese current.

And nature has marked this picturesque stretch of the coast as the seat of

great forest industries. It offers 80,000,000,000 feet of coniferous timber, all within a few miles of a marvelous network of sheltered sea channels. Water power is there in streams cascading directly into the sea from "hanging" lakes. And many bays and roadsteads offer manufacturing sites within a stone's throw of both timber and power—sites where ocean carriers could load for San Francisco or Los Angeles or through the Panama Canal for New York and Baltimore.

What is Alaska worth? Aside from the gold and copper, the salmon and halibut, the furs and lumber, Alaska is worth 1,000,000 tons of newsprint delivered to the presses of the United States *every year for all time to come*. Her papermaking resources alone would have been warrant for the purchase of "Seward's icebox" many times over.

Our illustrious Uncle Sam has a hunger for paper, and still more paper, past all comprehension. If you want to rate the nations of the earth by their relative use of paper you will find China at the bottom, with a yearly consumption of less than half a pound *per capita*, and the United States at the top with a yearly requirement of more than 180 pounds for every man, woman, and child in our borders. Our nearest competitor, Great Britain, uses less than half that amount *per capita*. It is a far cry from the days of the Revolution, when officers of the Continental Army could not get enough paper for writing out their orders. Of course our supply is used for many requirements aside from those of the printing press. We use paper cartons of many sorts, paper plates and spoons, and fiber boards for all manner

of construction. We have paper rugs underfoot and wall paper overhead. We wear socks and neckties made of woodpulp—there is some new paper product every day.

The race of the paper mills to keep pace with expanding consumption is rapidly exhausting the cheap timber available to the old manufacturing centers, and Uncle Sam is becoming more and more dependent upon Canadian sources of supply. In 1899, 83 percent of our paper came from American forests, while today American forests furnish less than half of it.

All the world is using more paper; and all the world is cutting its coniferous forests, from which paper is chiefly made, faster than the forests are being regrown. Alaska is bound, sooner or later, to play a prominent part in our paper economy.

Every other large forest region in the United States has been exploited mainly through private ownership of timber and land. It has been a case of mining out the visible resources at hand and then passing on to fresh fields, leaving an immense residue of largely wrecked and unproductive land.

Alaska is our last great virgin forest region. But we are entering it with a new and better plan, a plan made possible because the public owns the timber and the water powers. In Alaska we can eat our cake, in reasonable mouthfuls, and still have it. The speed at which her forests will be logged will be governed from the start by the volume of timber crops that can be grown. That is the starting point in drafting the contracts now offered to paper manufacturers, and the principle is binding alike upon the operator and the government. With this principle nailed down, and reforestation provided by government control of cutting methods, the Alaskan paper mills are assured a perpetual supply of raw materials.

The Tongass National Forest has been divided into pulp timber allotments. Each contains a million acres of forest, grouped around the water-power sites most logically situated for

the manufacture of paper. A period of 85 years has been allowed for reforestation. The maximum drain upon the forest under each contract is fixed. When a total annual output of approximately 1,000,000 tons is reached, the industry will be permanently stabilized. Contracts for two large blocks of coastal forest have already been awarded.

The Alaskan plan rests upon a partnership between the public and the paper manufacturer. The public owns the forests and the water power. The paper manufacturer is the agent who must put them to beneficial use.

There is no danger of a paper monopoly in Alaska. There is room for six or eight of the largest paper mills that the industry has yet produced. Every offering is widely advertised for competitive bids. It is a simple, straightforward form of partnership between the public and the industry, developed and tested by 20 years' experience in the administration of the National Forests.

We have only lately begun to understand the bigness of the West, and we are still far from conceiving the bigness of Alaska. A few people have cruised along her most accessible coasts in comfortable steamers and returned triumphant with sealskin moccasins and walrus tusks carved into cribbage boards. It is time that we knew Alaska in terms of sheer beauty. It is time we knew the great ice caps and the seal herds and the bands of caribou that rove over the Great Plains. It is time we knew the great inland valleys of Alaska with their wealth of summer bloom and their vast stretches of fertile soil, her native peoples, and her lore of natural history.

Alaska stands today where the Western states stood a few decades ago, offering the nation economic and spiritual resources that are but dimly comprehended. She is a great national asset in many more ways than paper and copper and salmon. The better we know her, the greater will be our pride of possession and our sympathetic understanding of her needs and aspirations.



# *The Virtue of Laziness*

Condensed from Pictorial Review (November, '28)

*H. Addington Bruce*

**I**T is a paradoxical fact that a certain amount of laziness may count tremendously toward high achievement. Actual laziness—not just play! Of course it is true that all work and no play makes the smartest of the smart prosy and stupid and dyspeptic and below par in every way. But it is not play I have in mind; it is plain laziness—loafing, idling, doing and thinking of nothing in particular. Laziness, I would repeat, is something that should be cultivated in moderate degree by every one who would make the most of himself or herself and achieve things very much worth while.

More than this, in the light of evidence readily available from the lives of great achievers, the surprising thing is that the value of laziness as an aid to achievement is not universally appreciated.

"Work, work, work; concentrate on your job; stick everlastingly to it; remember that genius is nothing but an infinite capacity for taking pains," is typical of what the young and aspiring are commonly told. They are told this in all sincerity, precisely as Newton told Halley, when the latter asked him how he had made his great discoveries, "By always thinking about them." The actuality is that the basic ideas underlying Newton's discoveries came to him in moments when he had temporarily closed shop mentally, came welling up in "flashes of insight" from that part of the mind, the so-called subconscious, where the best of one's thinking is done.

It is this fact of the division of the mind into conscious and subconscious regions and the superiority of the latter as a fabricator of ideas, that gives point and substance to the warning:

"Be lazy on occasion if you would profit to the utmost from the labors of your hours of conscious thought and effort."

What happens when one puts his mind on anything, observes anything closely, studies anything? The mind at once begins to come into possession of a large number of facts, only some of which are consciously retained, but all of which are stored away in the subconscious. So long as these ideas remain in the subconscious they are of no use to their possessor. Before they can become of use they must be transferred to the other region of the mind, the conscious region. That transference, unfortunately, cannot be effected by an act of will. Nor can it be effected so long as the possessor of the new idea keeps himself consciously and tensely pre-occupied.

Conscious thinking enriches the subconscious with additional material for future development. But so long as conscious thinking is under way a barrier exists against any uprushing of the results of past subconscious thinking. The upper consciousness must from time to time take a holiday, as it were, to give the subconscious a fair chance to benefit it. Then, indeed, "flashes of insight" may be gained, ranging in value from "bright ideas" to inspirations of genius.

Alfred Russel Wallace, for example, has described how the doctrine of evolution was suddenly and unexpectedly presented to his mind while he lay day-dreaming on a Malayan island. Galileo's invention of the pendulum came when he chanced to notice the motion of the huge bronze lamp swinging from the

roof. Jules Henri Poincaré, one of the greatest scientific men of his generation, tells us that, after days or perhaps weeks of fruitless effort on abstruse mathematical problems, the right solution "flashed" upon him while "walking on a cliff," "crossing a street," etc. Mozart got the aria for his beautiful "Magic Flute" quintet while playing billiards. And we have it on the authority of Professor Joseph Jastrow:

"An inventor suddenly conceived the proper way of constructing a prism for a binocular microscope—a problem which he had long thought of and abandoned—while reading an uninteresting novel."

Mr. Edison is frequently quoted as an example of the "Genius is nothing but an infinite capacity for taking pains" theory. Yet he says, "I find that in my own case the details of carrying out new ideas are arrived at by hard thinking, but the ideas themselves are pulled out of the air, so to speak. They come as a surprise."

Once, crossing a bridge, I noticed a man fishing. He had caught nothing, and, during the few minutes that I stood near him, did not get so much as a nibble. I commented on his poor luck.

"Oh," said he cheerfully, "that's all right. I'm not fishing for fish. I'm fishing for ideas."

To stroll, whether in the city or the country, is one of my own favorite ways of calling the subconscious to my aid. Perhaps for most people it is among the most helpful ways, though some may find it more desirable to walk quickly than to stroll.

Beethoven used to hurry across country, note-book in hand to make memoranda of the ideas that occurred to him. So helpful did Nietzsche find rapid walking that he went to the length of affirming, "Do not trust an idea unless it has come to you in the open air, when one is in free motion." The naturalist W. H. Hudson was partial to riding rather than walking for ideas, and especially riding in a high wind.

Most of us have definite tasks to

perform during definite working hours, when we should indeed "stick to it" with all our heart and soul. Unless we do so apply ourselves, thinking, studying, striving, we need never hope to benefit from creative laziness. For the subconscious is not able to work the miracle of providing with splendid ideas those who have not taken the trouble, through conscious work and effort, through conscious observation and reflection, to provide it with material adequate for the production of splendid ideas.

Those who are already overlazy should not be confirmed in their laziness. But the tendency of the ambitious is to rely too much on conscious thinking and thereby to cheat themselves of the aid they can or should get from the subconscious. Or, to put it another way, their tendency is to suppress the subconscious instead of learning how to harness and utilize it.

How to harness it depends entirely on the individual worker. While it is easy to say "Be creatively lazy," it is not possible to prescribe the exact method. Personal tastes and inclinations must always be reckoned with. Despite Nietzsche's pronouncement there are many whose subconscious yields its ideas most freely when they sit dreaming before a fire instead of strolling or hurrying along outdoors "in free motion."

Literally, anything that makes for relaxing of the conscious attention, and that in especial makes for reverie, or aimless musing, is conducive to the upward flight of ideas from the subconscious. Whatever one's work, one will be able to work better as one can draw upon the great idea-reservoir of the subconscious. The housewife, the teacher, the farmer, the financier, the business man, these and all others can obviously turn new ideas to good account. All these can equally gain access to the subconscious, can tap the subconscious, if, besides working hard, they will only learn to idle a while, to relax, to muse and dream.

## *This Ever-Changing World*

Excerpts from Popular Science (November, '28)

**A** DOUBLE-DECK Pullman of the highways, providing berths for 26 people and hot meals during the long journey, recently was completed for service between Los Angeles, Calif., and Philadelphia, Pa. Each of its 13 compartments has, among other conveniences, a wash basin with running water and a built-in thermos bottle. At the back of the coach is a lavatory.

The coach is 34 feet long and 8 feet wide. Although it has two decks, it is only 10 feet 3 inches high. A unique feature is its detachable motor. At certain points during its long run, the motor will be removed and a new one substituted. This requires but a short delay and eliminates long stops for overhauling during the trip. Besides the driver, a porter and a chef are included in the crew.

In magnitude of preparations, Commander Byrd's Antarctic expedition is without doubt the most stupendous undertaking in the history of exploration. The bill for dog biscuits alone, nearly \$8000, was greater than the cost of discovering America! Forty tons of them were taken to feed Byrd's 100 sled dogs. . . . On the lonely wastes of the Antarctic a little village of some 80 inhabitants will be set up, with houses laid out on a street, gasoline engines supplying electricity for lights, and with a public library of 2000 volumes!

The latest use for the X-ray is to peer into the heart of a tree. With the new apparatus perfected by the Eastman Kodak Company, experts determine the extent of decay, thus safeguarding against damage from falling

trees or telegraph poles. The apparatus also is useful for inspecting wooden parts of airplanes.

Which wear more sensible clothes, men or women? The noted German hygienist, Dr. Ernst Friedberger, found the answer by placing thermometers and other precision instruments beneath the clothing of both men and women, and so measured the temperature and humidity next to their skins. He found that the temperature next to a woman's skin is as much as ten degrees lower than next to a man's, and that the humidity is from a third to a half less.

"The average modern man," he concludes, "spends most of his life, winter and summer, in the debilitating climate of the tropics. Only his face and hands are allowed to stick out into healthier surroundings. The average woman, on the other hand, lives in a climate like the cool, dry air of the Alps."

"Billions of dollars" is the value placed upon the recent discovery, at the University of Illinois, of a method of coating metals with aluminum by electroplating. So many are the uses to which aluminum has come to be applied in industry, that it has come to be known as "the modern metal." Yet, pure aluminum lacks strength and toughness. It dents and nicks easily. But now, with aluminum plating made practicable, steel or tough aluminum alloys can be given a coat of the corrosion-resisting metal.

Milk bottles soon may disappear, along with bottling machines and the daily rounds of milk wagons. According to Prof. Victor E. LaMer, of Columbia University, chemists are at work to

produce milk in powdered form to simplify the problem and save costs of distribution.

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Within the last few weeks, two young jobbers of hosiery have seen their invention of an amazing stocking repair machine valued at \$20,000,000. Thanks to their device, a disconsolate maiden with seemingly ruined stockings may soon walk to the nearest store and for a quarter or more, depending on the damage, have the pair returned to her as good as new. The machine automatically weaves a broken thread back into the fabric. It can make 300 repairs a day.

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"Hit-and-run" drivers and traffic law violators generally will not escape so easily if new luminous automobile license plates, now being tried in Melbourne, Australia, are required by law. The numbers shine out visibly for several blocks.

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Lumber in "packages" is now put out by an enterprising producer. The ends of the boards are accurately squared and finished, saving carpenters much time. The "packages" are fiber caps put on the ends to prevent marring in transit.

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A phonograph record, invented by an Englishman, is flexible so that, no matter how it is folded or bent, it can be restored to its proper shape and the fine impressions which reproduce sound are unchanged.

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By this time next year America will have more than 1700 airports. . . . At the close of the Civil War, America was a continent more than three months wide; today, by the best trains, it is three days wide; in a few years it will be half a day wide. A few adventurers already have spanned the continent during daylight. It will be no wider than that for all of us when there are suitable airports in every American community.

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During the World War, and for a time afterward, a person's equilibrium

was tested for flying by an elaborate turning chair. This now has been replaced in the Army and for commercial flying by a much simpler test. The candidate is told to stand on one foot, flex the other leg at a right angle at the knee (keeping it away from the other leg), close the eyes, and maintain the position for 15 seconds.

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An automatic, invisible, and silent moving picture camera, housed within an innocent-looking telephone case, is designed to be the undoing of hold-up men. In a recent demonstration before a group of bankers, it obtained clear movies of people in a bank who were unaware of its presence. The inventor proposes to install the device in banks, where it can be tripped off during a hold-up to give a picture of the criminal and his movements and other characteristics which will aid in his detection.

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Practical development of the radio beacon for aircraft, achieved only this year, is to be followed by its extensive installation on commercial air routes in the United States by 1930, according to the U. S. Bureau of Standards. Through its use, pilots for the first time will be freed of fog's menace, for no longer will they be obliged to fly blind.

In the recently perfected outfit, a plane need carry only a short pole antenna and a receiver weighing but a few pounds. All of the expensive and powerful equipment is on the ground. Two white lines on a black instrument dial shrink or extend unequally before the pilot's eyes to show him whether he is flying to left or right of his course. When they are equal, he is directly on it.

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The latest wonder of agricultural experiment is a cabbage plant which produced six heads of cabbage in turn, one above the other. It was grown by Julian C. Miller, of Cornell University, who obtained the remarkable results by keeping the plant at high temperatures over a period of two years.

# Empty Play-Acting of Modern Life

Condensed from The Yale Review (Autumn, '28)

Max Reinhardt

IT is to the actor and no one else that the theater belongs. I do not mean, of course, the professional actor alone. I mean likewise the actor as spectator. For the contribution of the spectators is almost as important as that of the cast. The audience must take its part in the play if we are ever to see arise a true art of the theater—the oldest, most powerful, and most immediate of the arts, combining the many in one.

We all bear within us the potentiality for every kind of passion, every fate, every way of life. If this were not so, we could not understand other people. But inheritance and upbringing foster individual experiences and develop only a few of our thousands of possibilities. The others gradually sicken and die.

Bourgeois life today is narrowly circumscribed, and poor in feeling. The normal man generally feels once in his life the whole blessedness of love, and once the joy of freedom. Once in his life he hates bitterly. Once with deep grief he buries a loved one, and once, finally, he dies himself. That gives all too little scope for our innate capacity to love, hate, enjoy, and suffer. We exercise daily to keep our sinews strong. But our spiritual organs remain unused, undeveloped, and so lose their vitality.

Yet our spiritual like our bodily health depends upon the regular functioning of these organs. Unconsciously we feel how a hearty laugh liberates us, how a good cry or an outbreak of anger relieves us. We have an absolute need of emotion and its expression.

Against this our upbringing constantly works. Our general social ideal is

stoicism—always to be unmoved or at least to appear so. Passion, bursts of feeling and fancy, are ruled outside the bounds. In their place we have set up common stereotyped forms of expression that are part of our social armor. Often this armor is so constricted that there is little room for natural action. We make out of human relationships a ghostly play, in which the absence of feeling is shocking. We cultivate a few useful expressions of interest, of pleasure, of dignity, and a set grimace of politeness; and behind this armor the emotions evaporate. We ask people how they feel without waiting for an answer or, in any case, without paying any attention to it. The physical body is well-developed, but the emotional inflexibility is fearful to see. This "Prohibition" of the spiritual life is the most notable sign of our times.

The modern social code has crippled the actor, whose business it is to body forth feeling. When generations have been brought up to repress the emotions, nothing in the end remains to inhibit or to show. How can the actor, rooted in every-day existence, suddenly in the evening leap into the life of a mad king, whose unrestrained passion sweeps like a storm across the moors? How shall he make it credible that he is killing himself through love, or that he has killed another through jealousy? It is significant that our modern theater can hardly boast a true lover. When an actor on the stage says "I love you," it is the custom in many theaters to resort to musical accompaniment of the wood instruments to evoke a poetical atmosphere. The soul is set vibrating by a *vibrato* of the violins—otherwise one



could scarcely distinguish an I-love-you from a How-do-you-do.

In former times, when actors were excluded from other society and wandered about like gipsies, they undoubtedly developed stronger, rarer personalities. They were more unbridled in their passions; the spirits that possessed them were more masterful. They were actors, body and soul. To-day the body is willing, but the spirit is weak.

To every person nature gives a face of his own. Yet in the narrow course of bourgeois life, men are in time worn down until they become like round pebbles. One individual looks like another. But the highest boon to mankind is personality—that quality in one which reacts to whatever one encounters deeply and powerfully, which is stirred and moved by things hardly visible, hardly audible.

The receptiveness of children is unparalleled, and the urge to mould or fashion, which shows itself in their games, is irrepressible and truly constructive. Instinctively they change themselves, quick as a flash, into all that they see, and change all into whatever they desire. Their imaginative energy is compelling. The sofa?—a railway train!—already the engine rattles and steams and whistles; now somebody looks with delight out of the window at the enchanted landscape flying past; now a severe conductor collects the tickets, and now one arrives at one's destination! a porter panting carries the trunk; the nearest armchair as automobile whisks noiselessly away, and the footstool as airplane soars through all the seven heavens. What is that? Theater! Model theater and ideal dramatic art.

The art of acting originated in the earliest childhood of the race. Made as we are in God's image, we have in us something of the godlike creative will. Therefore we create the whole world over again in the arts, making men in our image. Shakespeare is the greatest, the one truly incomparable boon that the theater has had. He was poet,

actor, and producer in one. He painted landscapes and fashioned architectural scenes with his words. In his plays everything is bathed in music and flows into the dance. He stands nearest to the Creator. It is a wonderfully full-rounded world that he made, and in it he put human beings with all their passions, their humor and tragedy, beings of elemental grandeur and, at the same time, utter truth. He was Hamlet, King Claudius, Ophelia, and Polonius in one person. Othello and Iago, Brutus and Cassius, Romeo and Juliet, Falstaff and Prince Henry, Shylock and Antonio, Bottom and Titania, and the whole line of merry and sorrowful fools lived within him. He engendered them and brought them to birth.

For the moment the theater is, I know, threatened; it is in a decline today because in the noise and rush of the great cities, though material means are given it, its peculiar festal beauty, the enchanted sense of play, has been taken from it. It has not yet been organically coordinated with the sudden growth of the modern metropolis.

But I believe in the deathlessness of the theater. The passion to act in the theater, to go to the theater, is an elemental desire of mankind. It is the happiest loophole of escape for those who have secretly put their childhood in their pockets and gone off with it to the end of their days. The business of the theater is not dissimulation but revelation. Only the actor who cannot lie, who is himself undisguised, and who profoundly unlocks his heart deserves the laurel. The supreme goal of the theater is truth, not the outward, naturalistic truth of every-day, but the ultimate truth of the soul.

We can telegraph and telephone and wire pictures across the ocean; we can fly over it. But the way to the human being next to us is still as far as to the stars. The actor takes us on this way. With the light of the poet he climbs the unexplored peaks of the human soul, his own soul, in order to transform it secretly there and to return with his hands, eyes, and voice full of wonders.

## Life in the Raw

Condensed from The North American Review (November, '28)

Catherine Beach Ely

LIFE in the raw is what many women of today demand—on paper and on the boards. One of that type effervesced during a current successful play; she received its *mélange* of adultery and brutality with irrepressible delight. "It's *life in the raw*!" she chirruped ecstatically to her companion. Large numbers of eminently respectable women today enjoy and pay for theater situations both raw and tainted.

Thespis, unbridled and riotous, allures many women. There sit the urbanites with a sophisticated assurance which seems to say, "We know what we want." There sit the transient tourists collecting naughty lines before returning to Dulgap. In the second balcony gather the wearers of bargain furs; in the orchestra seats bask the owners of costlier symbols of the cave. All these seek "life in the raw."

Feminine financial support is indispensable to the would-be raw authors, and to the little pseudo-critics who pour libations to the would-be Raws in the cozy-corner columns. Petty authors and petty critics, trying to color the vaporings of their pale brains with red ink for blood! And women are their dupes.

Well, life in the raw was what our pioneer ancestors wanted, at least it is what they got when they invaded hostile territory in the Covered Wagon. But it was raw life sliced otherwise, with a quite different flavor. In a modern New York apartment a hostess sketches for her guests a bit of typical family history;

"My grandmother left New York in 1833 for a settlement in Michigan, where life was simple, yet exciting. The men

were needed for work in the field, so grandmother, then a young married woman, sprang into a wagon and started toward Pontiac, the nearest source of supplies—a long journey over almost impassable roads. She left her three children at home to shift for themselves, one a baby of two years. On the third day, back came grandmother, the rattling wagon laden with provisions for the entire settlement, including a supply of dried apples, choicest of pioneer rations.

"One day while grandmother was in the field helping the men, Indians stole her sleeping baby from the cradle. But the theft was a prank rather than a serious kidnapping, for my grandparents and the Indians were on friendly terms. In a short time the redskins brought the baby back. The reinstated baby grew up to be my mother."

This was life in the raw—so much less comfortable than sinking into a padded theater seat to luxuriate in the modern rawness which obliging playwrights provide for us.

The theatrical business demonstrates that middle-aged women make *risqué* plays profitable, because they have the leisure, the money and the taste for daring situations on the stage. The box-office registers that off-color plays flourish financially on mid-week matinées, patronized mostly by older women. To be sure modern youth, or some of it, is not averse to life in the raw. The acid work of the *revoltés* appeals to the unripe, restless girl, alert to bite into the wormy fruit of the moderns. But the chief patrons are unoccupied matrons, bereft of home duties, seeking to fill their minds with raw life, and bursting with

ardor to impart impressions in eager tête-à-tête!

Even grandmothers join the parade. A woman, well-informed through long association with playwrights, tells her impressions when escorted by a sprightly old lady to a play in New York:

"I was disgusted with the whole show. Two men behind us got up and walked out before the first act was half over, but this elderly friend of mine sat there entranced, fairly gloating over it, as did other women in our vicinity. In my opinion it is the nice, moral women who seem to enjoy most the filth on the stage. A New York producer told me of his experience. He was losing money on a clean drama with a great actress as its star, and therefore went to the matinée of a particularly salacious play to observe a money-getting rival production. He was the only man there, so far as he could observe, although the house was packed from balcony to pit, and the women giggled and nudged each other and enjoyed it hugely."

Apparently dowagers betwixt age and youth lead the procession of rank-play addicts. They seek the excitement which the drabness of their minds denies them by a pursuit of life in the raw at intellectually decadent or sensation-ally vulgar shows. "Hurry to buy a ticket!" implies the eager rush of women to the brutish drama; "the play leaves nothing unsaid—the District Attorney is investigating it—hurry, or it will be padlocked before you get there!"

As for fiction served raw, mature ladies consume one portion after another almost before it falls from the publisher's meat-chopper. "My dear, ask your librarian for *The Sooty Question*—there isn't a moral line in it; every character is bad in every conceivable way. All the husbands and wives are deceiving one another, and the young girls and men are even worse. You must read it." In this vein flows the chatter of nice little ladies of unimpeachable reputation who help to fill the pockets of our modern writers of raw stuff.

It is these matrons of impeccable

morals, but of errant curiosities, who form the whispering brigade which spreads the fame of "raw" novels and plays. They prolong best seller rumors in the street and corridors of libraries, over the boudoir teacups, and in the restaurants and shopping places. Under this category belong also the tensely intellectual feminists, afraid lest some malodorous excrescence of modernity escape them.

Have men then no influence upon the success or failure of modern plays and novels? Certainly some men do have great authority; but they are busy professionals, rather than social promoters. Masculine amateurs of literary gossip are few, and they do not gossip over recent books and plays as habitually as women do. If they get a good running start, they like to indulge in literary conversation for a time. But they probably do not prattle much over unruly books. On the whole, men chat less than women, perhaps because they have not had the informal environment wherein to cultivate this art. And it is the cozy chit-chat from neighbor to neighbor which makes the small or average seller into the best seller.

Heaven forbid that this country should reach a super-refinement which fears life in the raw. It all depends on the kind of rawness. We do not have to go back to pioneer days for the right kind. The raw stuff of life may be as immediate, vital and inspiring now as it was in any former era, or it may be a carcass tainting the public literary mart.

The desire for "raw" life is a fad. Perhaps it will pass, like other fads. Perhaps if we wait awhile longer there will appear novels and plays written to give us worthwhile modern raw life instinct with the pristine force which characterizes the high moments of men and women. But meanwhile the writers of rank stuff exploit the modern woman's legitimate hunger for something new. And it is the roving ladies of the busy tongue who, by dabbling in bleakly brutal novels and plays, make that poisoning exploitation successful.

# Democracy Holds Its Ground

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (November, '28)

Charles A. Beard

NOTHING is easier than the game, so popular at present, of attacking democracy by citing scandalous incidents and idiotic antics of some elected persons. This form of verbal exercise is very old and used to be employed against monarchy, but it is scarcely rational. While it gives satisfaction to certain types of mind, it will not advance our political understanding, or help much in taking our present bearings and attempting to forecast the future.

A far better course is to recall the advice of Montesquieu; that is, to remember that the forerunners of democracy—monarchy and aristocracy—were not ready-made garments which nations could put on or off at will. The conditions necessary for the continuance and smooth functioning of monarchy and aristocracy are: (1) the predominance of agriculture in national economy—an agriculture carried on in the ancient manner by an uneducated peasantry, either servile or poverty-stricken; (2) a class of feudal landlords rallying around the throne and giving support to it; and (3) an authoritative clergy supreme over intellectual life.

In dealing with democracy, also, it is well to avoid the superficiality of treating it as a mere mechanical form of government, which a nation may adopt, try, and discard without respect to the conditions surrounding the operation. In reality, democracy is a very complex array of social relationships, a system, flexible in practice, that substitutes for government by hereditary or military authority government by officials directly or indirectly chosen, from time to time, at elections in which a considerable

number of people, as people, not economic bipeds, participate. Unavoidably, therefore, it involves differences of opinion, party antagonisms, acquiescence in majority decisions, and endless delays and weaknesses.

Democracy first arose in the 19th century. It is an intricate collection of realities slowly evolved with the development of freehold agriculture, commerce, machinery, and science, facilitated, no doubt, by the agitations of idealists, yet moving relentlessly forward as modern economy triumphs over feudalism. It is affiliated with the printing press and the newspaper which spread ideas in spite of all censors; with schools which are indispensable to the factory system if nothing else; with railways and travel which break down the ignorance and rigidity of village life; with automobiles and flying machines which make the whole world akin; with cities and their fermenting intellectual life; with telegraphs, cables, telephones, and radios; with mass production; with trade unions which assert the rights and power of industrial labor; with business enterprise which cannot flourish under autocratic and irresponsible government dependent upon the vagaries of personal rulers. All these things are indifferent, indeed hostile, to fixed status—the foundation of monarchies and aristocracies. Science, business, and labor ask no questions about birth and lineage; they seek and develop talent wherever they find it.

Moreover, there is another realistic force making for democracy in the modern world—"feminism." Strong men, pounding their chests, will laugh and denounce; Mussolini shows how absurd

it is; but it must be amusing, at least, to these virile persons to recall that the World War, supposed to demonstrate manly valor at its highest pitch, accelerated the movement for woman suffrage. Nearly all the new states created after that conflict confer on women the right to vote; to be specific, Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Estonia, Finland, Lithuania, Poland, and Russia. About the same time England and the United States joined Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and the Netherlands in proclaiming "equal suffrage."

And unless some masterful genius can blindfold the women, take them out of factories, offices, schools, universities, and theaters, make them illiterate once more, and back them into the kitchen and cow barn again, feminism is likely to increase rather than diminish. Indeed, if women were suddenly removed from the offices of any modern government, with a view to a restoration of "the home and fireside," the confusion would be so great that the first call on the morning after would be for feminine help. Not even man's grand game, war, now that it has become chemical and mechanical, can be carried on without enrolling armies of women. No, the feminist genie is out of the bottle; it may be changed with time and circumstance; but the work of getting it back into the non-refillable container passes the imagination.

Now, if reference is made to those countries in which "democracy has failed" and dictatorships flourish at the present hour, it will be seen that they belong to the feudo-clerical order. Industry and science had not scratched the surface of Russia in 1917; the mass of the people were illiterate peasants governed by an autocracy, landlords, and an authoritative church. Hungary, including Croatia, was in the same general class as Russia. A large section of Poland belonged to Russia and was assimilated to Russian economy. When Mussolini seized the scepter in Italy the great majority of Italian men and women over nine years of age were em-

ployed in agriculture and related occupations; about half the people over 20 years of age could not read or write; the authoritative Roman Catholic Church, nominally at least, furnished the state religion. In Spain—another classic land of dictatorships—three-fifths of the people could not read or write in 1910; five times as many people were engaged in agriculture as in manufacturing; except for about 30,000 Protestants, Jews, and skeptics, the entire population adhered to the Roman Catholic Church.

Conversely, if reference is made to countries in which democracy flourishes or staggers along, it will be discovered that they are the countries in which freehold agriculture, science, machinery, and capitalism dominate the economic scene. Into this class fall Austria, Germany, France, the Scandinavian countries, the United States, Canada, Australia, and perhaps Japan, which has just given the vote to all adult males.

Yet it may be said, with some degree of truth, that after the close of the World War political democracy was vigorously attacked: by the dictatorship of the proletariat, by the dictatorship of the middle class, and by nationalistic parties rallying around monarchs. Where do we stand now?

Well, for one thing, no other nation has followed the Russian example. In none of the states where democracy was functioning before the War have the Bolsheviks made more than a ripple on the surface of opinion. Russia is declining, not increasing in influence.

Italy stands on the same footing with Russia. With grand flourishes in the manner of the Bolsheviks, the Fascisti announce to the gaping world the discovery of wonder-working political ideas and institutions and look with pitying contempt upon poor, deluded "liberals" trying to make democracy function. But no country with a literate population imitates Italy. The general opinion seems to be that it may be good for Italy or that if Italy is pleased with Fascism, well, that is what Italy is pleased with. Meanwhile German

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## Pillar Saints

Condensed from *The Mentor* (March, '28)

**M**EN have endured self-imposed fearful things for the sake of a religious conviction, or as penance for transgressions both real and imaginary, but the fanaticism of the Stylites, or Pillar Saints, that manifested itself in the early and middle ages of the Christian era, chiefly in Syria, is unique.

The first and most famous of these ascetics was St. Simeon Stylites. Tennyson, in his poem of that name, has given a graphic description of the tortures that the remarkable man endured for the sake of his soul. St. Simeon was born in northern Syria at the close of the fourth century A. D. His thoughts early took a pious trend, and he became a monk in a monastery near Antioch. However, he took his vocation so much to heart that for ten years he lived in utter seclusion, never moving from his narrow cell. In addition to this, he imposed upon himself such excessive austerities that at the age of 30 he was expelled from the monastery.

Undiscouraged, and with his spirit's eye directed toward the brightness of an eternal reward, Simeon built himself a pillar six feet high, the top of which was a yard in diameter, and on this he had his dwelling place. To add to this, his ordeal, he loaded his neck down with chains. From this pillar he moved to several others in succession, each higher than the last, until at length he attained a height of 60 feet. On this last pillar he spent the rest of his life—30 years—without ever once descending. His disciples provided him with food and drink, by means of a rope with basket attached.

From his lofty position he preached to the numerous pilgrims attracted from all parts of the world by rumors of his sanctity, and he established a sect. He achieved a reputation as a miracle worker. Here, between sky and earth, he made an awe-full sight as he cried out to a sinful world to repent, even as he was repenting. Theodoret, a religious historian who knew St. Simeon personally, vouches for these facts.

There were many converts to this barbarous form of asceticism. To its followers the underlying virtue of living on top of a pillar seemed to be its efficacy in separating devotees more completely from earth and their fellow men. There in tiny huts, or entirely exposed to caprices of the weather, men proved by years of sacrifice and suffering their devotion to their faith.

The most celebrated disciple of Simeon was Daniel the Stylite of Constantinople. Daniel's ordeal was even more severe than that of Simeon because of the trying climate along the shores of the Bosphorous, where he built him his pillar. Daniel of Constantinople endured this penance for 33 long, sun-beaten years.

There is only one record of a pillar hermit in the West. A monk, Wulflaicus, attempted the pillar life near Treves about 585, but the clergy of the neighborhood were unsympathetic to this form of self-flagellation and eventually they compelled Wulflaicus to abandon the idea and destroyed his pillar.

Not until the end of the 16th century did the cult of the pillar saints completely disappear from the earth.



(Continued from page 470)

seven percent bonds sell at a premium, while those of Italy sell below par.

If political democracy as developed in countries well advanced in industry, technology, and literacy does not recede before dictatorships, proletarian and fascist, what of the other assailant, monarchy? What are the prospects of the Romanoffs, Hapsburgs, and Hohenzollerns? Historical illustrations encourage them. On a fair count, restorations have been almost as numerous as dethronings; for people love kings, gilt, and tinsel; and in every country the party of prostration is large.

But a certain intellectual and aesthetic climate is necessary for the proper functioning of hereditary monarchy. Industries, cities, newspapers, literacy, socialistic agitations, and scientific inquiry do not consort well with mysticism, piety, obeisance, and solemnities.

In Germany business, after ardent labors, is getting on an even keel again; if still monarchist in spirit, the risk of another political revolution is about the least attractive thing it can contemplate. Now that the Prussian class system of voting is abolished and the military profession is decimated, the landed aristocracy can no longer dictate to business in Berlin. Its power was waning in 1914; it is shattered now.

The swing in Germany's recent elections is decidedly toward the republic; the campaign of this year ended in the utter rout of the extreme nationalists. If a majority of the Germans are, as alleged, monarchist at heart, they are not unconditional monarchists. They would put a price on restoration by plebiscite. In that case, the Hohenzollerns might be reduced to the level of King George or the Prince of Wales. That would be much like democracy.

For the Hapsburgs the outlook is no rosier. If we should brush aside a host of difficulties, and imagine the Archduke Otto crowned in Vienna and Budapest, what then? Surely no one thinks that the old Austro-Hungarian complex can be restored—Germans, Magyars, Poles, Czechs, Ruthenians, Slovaks, Slovenes,

Croats, Moslems, Serbs, Italians, and Rumanians. Can young Otto cut away part of Poland, extinguish Czechoslovakia, break up Jugoslavia, carve a big slice out of Rumania, and perform all the other surgical operations necessary to recover the inheritance of his fathers? The possibility is faint enough!

Of Russia, the mysterious, no one can speak with any degree of assurance. But the collateral Romanoff lines can furnish no heroic figure to serve as a rallying point for monarchists. To make matters blacker, the members of the Russian nobility who are not in their graves are utterly expropriated. More than that, they are exiles scattered all the way from Belgrade to Duluth, suffering in poverty, washing dishes, and, what is worse, entertaining the new rich. The peasants, moreover, may not love the Bolsheviks, but they do not want another Little Father if he brings ravenous landlords in his train.

No; the great kaleidoscope of destiny has made a violent turn breaking the mould of established patterns and shaking out novel designs. Business enterprise, in seven-league boots and wearing a steel helmet wreathed in smoke, marches across the face of the earth spreading restless democracy in its train. A divine monarch, an unquestioned clergy, a ruling landed aristocracy cannot look upon the face of this iron giant and live. Newspapers, schools, literacy, moving pictures, radios, travel, research, discussion, and endless economic changes make a restoration of any kind of rigid order appear impossible.

Democracy will abide and function—in a way. It will pass through dictatorships, perhaps, but dictators are not immortal and divisions will follow their departure. The world cannot go on without masses, and the masses are not going on without the instruments that make for democracy: a return to the economy of the hand loom and tallow dip is unthinkable. In spite of the cynics, the future is as real as the past, will be different from it, promises to be more interesting, and can scarcely display less humanism or intelligence.

# Dictionaries

Condensed from The Century (November, '28)

H. G. Emery

THE English dictionary is a work of comparatively late development. Before the end of the 16th century there had appeared in England bilingual and trilingual dictionaries, designed to help English-speaking persons to an understanding of Latin, French and other foreign languages. Only with the beginning of the 17th century was there recognized the need for a dictionary which should help Englishmen to a better knowledge of their own language.

The work of the lexicographer today consists largely in dealing with the new words and senses that are daily coming into the language. This new material comes from a variety of sources. We read of some new invention, discovery or theory, and its name—as *vitaphone*, *insulin* or *relativity*—immediately becomes an object of the lexicographer's attention. In the various sciences, arts and industries, new words are constantly coming into existence. The automobile, the radio, and aviation have each made numerous additions to the language. And there is psychoanalysis, another new-comer among the sciences, with an ever-increasing vocabulary.

New words of a general nature, not intimately connected with any particular science, art or industry, are also constantly coming into the language. Some of these, as, for instance, *columnist*, *fundamentalism*, *lip-stick* and *super-power*, are coined to supply a need, and at once take their places among the accepted words of the language. Others are used only colloquially, or are unmistakably slang. Even so, the lexicographer must deal with them, unless they are so trivial or vulgar as to seem

unworthy of a general dictionary. Often, however, words and expressions that are at first entered in the dictionary as colloquial or slang eventually become perfectly good members of the standard vocabulary.

These colloquial and slang terms constitute one of the largest groups of new words coming into use today. Some are transferred or figurative uses of ordinary words, perceived to have some happy significance—such as *sheik*, for a lady-killer, or *hound*, for a person constantly pursuing a particular object of liking (as in *rum-hound*). Some are invented words, or intentionally specialized uses of other words, employed by a particular person and later used by the public; examples are *scofflaw*, for one who defies the prohibition law, and *bromide*, for one given to stupid platitudes. Writers of advertisements are large contributors to this last class, as are also the sports writers.

Another steadily increasing group of words making its way into the dictionary is that of dialectal, provincial, and local words and expressions. More and more of these words are being brought to the attention of the public by novelists and short-story writers dealing with particular localities and reproducing the local speech. When such words—*hill-billy*, *hoosegow*, *loco*, and the like—meet the reader's eye, they are likely to move him to inquiry. The wise lexicographer explains the terms in his dictionary.

A large number of the additions to the English language come from foreign languages. The traveler writes about his experiences, and uses various native words. He tells of practices, institutions, animals, plants, and other things for which we have no name in English,

and for which he therefore uses the native name—*safari*, *tsetse*, *hula-hula*, *poi* or *lei*. As one writer after another uses such a word, the reading public calls for an explanation, and in time the word becomes a naturalized member of the language.

Commerce and international trade relations are other sources of new words brought from all parts of the earth. Wars also bring about foreign additions to a language; in 1914 we had not heard of the words *boche* and *camouflage*. But the newspapers, with their correspondents in various parts of the world, and the magazines, are today the chief contributors of foreign words to the English language. Such terms as *bloc*, *cartel*, *Dail*, *Fascisti* and *swaraj* soon find their way into our dictionaries.

Another group of new words is that consisting of proprietary names registered as trade-marks. How many persons know that the words *aspirin*, *celluloid*, *dictaphone*, *dictograph*, *insulin*, *mah-jongg*, *neutrodyne*, *photostat*, *tabasco*, *tabloid* and *vitaphone* are, or had their origin as, trade-marks? The word *kodak* is a trade-mark for a particular type of camera, but there has been formed from it the verb *kodak*. The word *tabloid* is a trade-mark for a compressed portion of drugs, but it has been extended by the public to various things in compressed or small form. The number of new words of this class is steadily increasing.

New senses of words already in existence form a large part of the additions to the dictionary. If one should select some long-lived word in one of the larger dictionaries and trace it from its original meaning, observing how one sense developed from another, he might feel himself repaid by the interest of the facts discovered. This process of development has been going on since Anglo-Saxon times, and it is going on today more rapidly than ever.

For example, *gesture* has meant a movement of the body, or of some part of the body, to express feeling or meaning; it has lately taken on the added sense of any action or proceeding intended for effect or to impress others. A new meaning has recently been given to the word *intrigue*. *Vampire* has long meant a reanimated corpse or some other preternatural being supposed to suck the blood of sleeping persons at night; but some years ago Rudyard Kipling wrote a poem called "The Vampire" referring to a woman, and now the word is applied to any woman who preys on men or feeds her vanity at their expense; while in addition the abbreviated slang form *vamp* is used, which in its turn has been followed by a verb *vamp*. Mr. Kipling said in a recent letter: "It is curious how a word wriggles itself into use. *Vampire* was a perfectly good word, for example, till I wrote some verses to a picture of that name, and—the Movies did the rest, I suppose!"

To the one actively engaged in the making of dictionaries there is no end of the day's work, for new words and new senses of old words will come to his notice wherever he goes and in whatever he reads. A really important new word must of course be attended to as soon as possible; the electrotype plate in which it belongs is cut and the new-comer is crowded in by taking space from neighboring definitions, or else it is included in a supplement of new words and senses. This process of change and addition goes steadily on until, by the time it becomes practicable to rewrite and reset the whole dictionary, many of the original plates of the book have been reduced to patchwork.

Truly, the work of the lexicographer is never-ending! Before he can complete the material listed in his dictionary under the letter Z that under the letter A is already behind the times.



# *A Remarkable Canadian Development*

Condensed from *Personality* (November, '28)

*E. L. Chicanot*

THE peculiarity of Canadian conditions has resulted in a unique development of aviation. The establishment of passenger and mail services were not practicable in a country of so few and such widely scattered centers of population. Instead, from the very first the airplane was devoted to the greatest national service, the conservation and exploitation of the immense natural resources which constitute the country's hope of future greatness. No country, for instance, can approach Canada in the use of the plane in protective forest patrol. The Dominion record is unsurpassed in the field of aerial survey and mapping.

However, the most important phase of aeronautics which is developing in Canada is the use of aircraft in mineral exploration and development. As a consequence, it is predicted that the Canadian mining engineer and geologist will find more mineral deposits in the next five years than have been discovered in the last half century.

Though Canada had a mineral production valued at \$260,000,000 in 1927, her mineral era is but beginning. But a relatively minute part of the country's tremendous area as yet has been prospected, and the interest exhibited in mining possibilities today by capitalists from many countries foreshadows immense developments in many far flung sections.

The first regular aerial service to be established in Canada was into the wilderness of a new mining camp. It revolutionized preliminary mining development. It substituted a journey of less than an hour spent in comparative comfort in the air for five arduous days

of canoe paddling through a forest area, infested by mosquitoes and black flies. But it actually did a great deal more.

From its base at Haileybury, the company undertook to drop passengers or express in any part of the Rouyn gold field where there was a lake, a condition easily met, since the area is dotted with lakes. It carried an average of 30 engineers and prospectors a week; it supplied this remote camp with fresh fruit and vegetables regularly; the ship of the air transporting freight of every imaginable description—dynamite, lumber, iron piping, drills, and gasoline, and on its homeward trips mineral samples for assay.

When gold was discovered at Red Lake in Ontario and, following a rush, a new camp came into existence, it seemed the most natural thing that a similar service should be established there, flying from the nearest point of railway contact. With the confidence inspired by the Quebec service, it was perhaps an even bigger factor in the advancement of the Ontario camp. Flying boats took in passengers daily, so that in record time hundreds of claims were staked out.

When last year a much belated interest developed in the mining fields of Manitoba, which quickly resulted in a general development, the airplane was again immediately called upon to play its part. Some quite remarkable work was done in the transport of mining machinery and equipment under extremely difficult and dangerous winter conditions. This summer there are 15 planes operated by the company in Manitoba's mineral belt, pushing the provinces' mining industry rapidly ahead.



These services have been of immense value in more ways than one. They were largely responsible, for instance, in developing and perfecting the ski-runner for taking off and landing on ice or snow. They also produced the collapsible canoe, which can be transported handily by plane, today considered indispensable to northern flying. They prepared the way for a development of yet greater scope, in which the plane enters upon the work of exploration and prospecting which leads to mineral discoveries.

The first mineral prospecting expedition by plane ever planned was undertaken by a syndicate of capitalists in the spring of 1925, having for its object exploration work in the unexplored regions of Northern British Columbia and the Yukon. The territory to be flown over was completely isolated, largely unexplored, and very inaccurately mapped.

Exploration was carried on in many sections by flying on radii from the base at Dease Lake, and engineers were amazed at the manner in which aerial transport speeded up prospecting. To quote one instance: It was necessary to transport seven men with sufficient supplies and mining equipment to last a month a distance of 200 miles. The whole party and impedimenta were transferred in a day, whereas by any other means of transportation such an expedition, if not altogether impracticable, would have taken at least a year. Another trip, which Indians took 20 days to make, the plane accomplished in three hours. At the conclusion of the summer's satisfactory work the party was flown back to civilization without mishap.

The following year an Alberta syndicate instituted an expedition into the Northwest Territories. The region in which prospecting was prosecuted is known as the "Blind Spot of Canada." An entirely satisfactory summer was spent in taking the engineers on radial prospecting trips, all of which were accomplished without mishap of any kind. An immense volume of work, quite im-

possible of carrying through without the airplane, was successfully completed.

The first movement toward organized mineral prospecting by airplane was taken last winter with the formation of the Northern Aerial Mineral Explorations. The company intends thoroughly to explore the mineral wealth of the north by organizing the country from an exploration and prospecting standpoint as completely and efficiently as a large commercial concern does, with head offices, branches, and field forces. Bases will be equipped with aircraft at centers throughout northern Canada. About 20 field parties will be sent out. The company is supported by many outstanding men in the mining industry in Canada.

Recently the Canadian Parliament has granted to another syndicate the right to explore by airplane for minerals on an area of about 5000 square miles 200 miles north of Fort Churchill and inland. The territory is remote from civilization, with a few wandering tribes of Eskimos its only inhabitants, no mining man ever having been in there or likely to go in in the ordinary way for many years.

Similar developments are to be noted all over the mining field. Recently a company was organized in the Rouyn gold field of Quebec, with planes at a central point available for trips to mines or for special prospecting parties into distant sections. A mining company in northern Manitoba recently acquired a plane whereby its management can expeditiously visit the various sections where its developments are located. A mining promoter in the area owns his own plane and flies from his home in Florida to the northern area to visit the various mines in which he is interested.

Quite definitely the era of the airplane in the Canadian mining industry has opened, and having regard to its immense potentialities it cannot be doubted but that this will develop into a leading field of aeronautics in which the Great Dominion will have no rival.

# What Our Parents Didn't Pay For

Condensed from the Survey Graphic (November, '28)

Eunice Fuller Barnard

OF all the houses in New England, my washerwoman's intrigues me most. Not a shrub or vine glozes over its stark, unpainted clapboards. From shutterless windows to scrawny chimney it glares, a naughty deed in a good world.

Before the door usually stands the owner's shiny sedan of recent and moderately expensive model, almost dwarfing the house. From the roof-tree waggles heavenward the aerial of a six-tube radio set. Piercing the walls are telephone and electric-light wires. Inside, in the two desolate and coop-like downstairs rooms, stand the chief household gods—a shining mahogany phonograph, an upright player-piano, a sewing machine of golden oak, the radio set, and a round copper washing-machine. There they stand, indiscriminately, as in an auctioneer's store-room.

Today, the Department of Commerce estimates, the average American family has more than a third more purchasing power than it had in 1914. Yet it is a question whether the load around the middle-class wage-earner's neck has been appreciably lightened. For during the interval he has come to live in a new world filled with new things for the family to buy. The utmost luxuries of 1914 are in many cases the apparent necessities of today.

Four major items of expense today were almost non-existent for the pater-familias a generation ago. First, is the cost of the various family machines and their upkeep—the automobile, the radio, the phonograph, the telephone, and the dozens of household appliances from vacuum cleaner to refrigerator. There were more than 22,000,000 automobiles

in commission in the United States in 1926, as against less than 2,000,000 in 1914. Within 15 years a single expensive luxury has become almost a necessity. And the car replaces no other high-priced means of locomotion. Against its capital and maintenance on the family ledger can be written off as a rule merely a few street-car, bus and railroad fares. The obsolete horse-and-buggy of our father's day was never so prevalent. The motor-car represents the satisfaction of a totally new demand for untrammelled individual transportation, for recreation, accessibility, exploration and speed undreamed-of in our fathers' philosophy.

A radio magazine recently estimated that there are now in American homes 7,500,000 radio sets, as against 60,000 six years ago. Here again is a luxury which has come almost overnight to seem essential. And offsetting it on the family account-book can only occasionally be checked off the saving of a few concert or prize-fight seats. Meanwhile the sale of phonographs, instead of faltering, has increased phenomenally also.

While the 19th century was the machine age in that it changed the trend of production, the 20th has completed the process by changing that of consumption. In mid-Victorian days, knitting-mill and cotton gin, steamboat and railway train, were valued simply as they ministered to dress and travel. With us the machine has become not alone a producing instrument, but a chief object of ostentatious consumption. A man is known, for instance, by the car he keeps. And, as Will Rogers has suggested, if all the unpaid-for machines were ordered

off the roads, the traffic problem would be solved.

In the years between 1914 and 1925 the value of the smaller electrical appliances produced in America—vacuum cleaners, flatirons, stoves, cooking utensils, and radiators—increased 2000 per cent. In the last four years shipments of electric washing-machines practically doubled. Now electric and gas refrigerators are sweeping victoriously into the market.

Take the up-to-date family's expenditure for machine-purchase alone, not counting maintenance and replacement, and contrast it with their parents': *Schedule of 1928*: 1 automobile \$700; 1 radio \$75; 1 phonograph \$50; 1 washing machine \$150; 1 vacuum cleaner \$50; 1 electric sewing machine \$60; other electrical equipment \$25; telephone (year) \$35. *Total*, \$1145.

*Offsets of 1900*: 2 bicycles \$70; wringer and washboard \$5; brushes and brooms \$5; sewing machine \$25. *Total*, \$105.

These are modest estimates. The automobile, the radio, and the phonograph might easily be set down at twice the sums suggested. Yet on this conservative basis, there is a thousand dollars in machine-outlay that our parents at the turn of the century never had to consider.

The second major item of expense that is far higher today is the price of health. Not only have dentist, doctor, nurse and hospital, in many cases, doubled their pre-war fees, but there are the legion new methods of disease-prevention: cutting out the children's tonsils, straightening their teeth, immunizing them from diphtheria and smallpox. Semi-annual visits to the dentist, and even periodic health examinations are becoming a common habit. And for city-dwellers, there is the more and more expensive quest of sunlight, fresh air and exercise.

For a southern exposure in a city apartment one must pay a rent premium. For country vacations, for week-ends out of town, for children's

camps—which, since the War, to the number of 2500, have grown to be a wholesale solution of the city youngsters summer problem—one must pay hundreds of dollars more.

For any form of exercise save walking, the city-dweller must spend again. Playing privileges on golf courses, tennis courts, swimming pools, skating rinks, and gymnasiums are often prohibitive luxuries.

The third item of increased expense today is the mounting cost of education and its lengthening term. American parents are keeping their children in school far longer than they did a generation ago. More than twice as many go to high school as went just before the War. As for school costs, they have risen with the demand. College tuition has doubled in most cases, within the last 15 years. And residence charges have soared. And already beyond the horizon looms the nursery school, which begins the heavy tuitional demand upon the parent often before the child is three years old.

The fourth item consists of the now almost universal luxuries that an elder generation regarded with a cautious eye: silk stockings and fur coats, cigarettes, cosmetics, motion-picture tickets, and the countless forms of recreation and travel that have become habitual since 1924. Take the American sweet-tooth. In 1926 we ate on the average 33 pounds more of sugar apiece that we did in 1919. Ice-cream production increased more than a third in four years alone. There has been a rush toward all kinds of amusement—excursions, dinners, dances, travel.

And yet, somehow, some of us have saved money. Savings-bank deposits and life-insurance premiums have grown. Whatever our personal experience, the national income has risen, even in terms of what it will buy. When some of us bewail the higher cost of living we may be talking about the higher cost of better living, a better living which is the product of changing social and personal standards and desires.

# *The City of Dreadful Waste*

Condensed from *The Forum* (November, '28)

*John Bakeless*

**A**S a prosaic example of New York's huge wastes, let us take first the disposal of rubbish and garbage. All that the average New Yorker knows or cares about rubbish is that if you put it outside the apartment door, the janitor takes it away. What becomes of it is, he thinks, no concern of his since no charge for that item appears on his tax bill. He is mistaken. Much of that 1800 tons of unsavory materials which daily is towed 20 miles to sea and dumped would have value if it were scientifically used. A few years ago an engineer of the Bureau of Municipal research estimated that the city was paying \$3,500,000 annually "for dumping nearly \$5,000,000 of values into the sea."

In the building trades New York goes a step further than inefficiency and legally forces its architects and engineers to waste millions annually. The chief difficulty lies in the antiquated municipal Building Code, framed when steel construction was not fully understood, which limits the stress to be placed on steel to 16,000 pounds to the square inch. Now the properties of structural steel are known today more accurately than those of a physician's prescription; and it is agreed among the engineers appointed to report on this question that a stress of at least 18,000 pounds, the figure now used in most large cities in America, should be written into the New York Code. This saving would amount to one-eighth of all the structural steel used in the city or about \$6,000,000 annually.

In New York waste is in the air, both literally and figuratively, for smoke is a heavy item in the waste bill. In the dense black clouds that rise from the

smokestacks goes an incredible amount of heat, actual as well as potential. On an average winter day, New York raises the temperature two degrees for a mile into the air above. But the loss of fuel due to smoke is small compared to the damage it does. For the finely divided coal dust, poured into the air as smoke, settles again and ruins everything it touches, from pictures, paint, furniture and things which can be replaced, to human lungs, which cannot. Everyone, from the manufacturer who pays an extra fuel bill or sees his product deteriorate, down to the housewife who has to hire an extra maid, is paying for this plague of smoke. The Department of Health estimates New York's total loss from smoke at \$96,000,000 a year.

If New York is wasteful with its fires, it is almost equally wasteful with its water. Already possessed of the most elaborate system of water supply in the world, it is faced with the necessity of building an additional one even more costly than the present system. Small streams have been transformed into great lakes, villages have been drowned, railroads moved, farms submerged over an area larger than Rhode Island, to provide New York with a water supply. And after all this, New York blandly proceeds to waste water at the rate of 280,000,000 gallons a day—a daily loss of \$20,000—because of leaky plumbing, faults in the water mains, or careless householders who leave their spigots running. Meantime, a city government which has not changed its rates in half a century blindly proceeds to encourage waste by refusing to extend the use of meters.

Time is supposed to be one thing that

the New Yorker values; but the idea that New York saves time is largely an illusion. Already possessed of a permanent population of 100,000 or more to the square mile—probably the densest on earth—lower Manhattan receives each day 2,800,000 transient workers. That is to say, the equivalent of the entire population of Arizona, Vermont, and New Mexico arrive daily, all coming at about nine o'clock in the morning and most of them departing at five o'clock in the afternoon.

In the phenomenal congestion of the city, the automobile is the immediate cause of one of the most glaring wastes. Since practically all traffic is at street level, there is no way for two streams to cross without complete stoppage of all traffic in one direction. At any given moment, therefore, exactly one-half of all the motor cars in New York are standing still, as are also a fair proportion of the pedestrians. This means, for example, that a \$3000 motor truck is not one truck, but half a truck. It can be used only half of the time. That means that a business firm which needs one truck must buy two, must also employ two drivers, and pay twice for gasoline. The total loss from traffic congestion is officially estimated at \$500,000,000 a year.

Where the streets are too blocked for passage, the problem of getting New York's millions of workers to work falls on the subways and elevated lines. And lower Manhattan is not only the directing center of the nation's industry—a fair share of the nation's industry is right there on the spot. So, in addition to the thousands of office workers who travel down the narrow island each morning, there are more thousands of workmen and working girls. In the few square miles south of Fifty-ninth Street are crowded innumerable industries. Printing, metal working, cigar making, leather working occupy large areas. New York makes most of America's paper patterns, jewelry, tobacco pipes, hair work, and furs. Appropriately enough, it makes most of the pocket-books, too. And to all these industries

the workers must be carried, even from as far away as New Haven and Philadelphia.

The result is the subway "rush hour," which involves wastes as grave as any that even New York City has to show. Some wastes can be calculated in dollars and cents, but these are imponderable—useless losses of human energy and self-respect, fatigue losses, losses of time, demonstrable losses in health, and ultimately losses of life itself.

This last is no hyperbole. To appreciate what the rush hour is like, one must be a participant. Bear in mind that there is no alternative. Only a small proportion of the workers in this crowded district can hope to live near their work. And if some fiend with scientific training in bacteriology had planned the conditions which exist in the rush hour, he could have devised nothing more neatly adapted to spread disease. A cynical English observer once hazarded the guess that the subway rush hour starts more disease every day than the Rockefeller Foundation can prevent in a year. Certainly the subway jam does materially increase sickness and the death rate.

Here, then, is an obvious waste, even though it cannot be evaluated in terms of the cash register. The New York worker arrives at his desk with frayed nerves and weary body. Sooner or later he picks up a germ or two. That means a day out of the office—two days—a month. There is no way of putting a value on the days thus lost in New York, but the value certainly runs into millions.

These are the conditions in a city of six million. It is not pleasant to speculate what they may become as the population grows toward that 15,000,000 which, it is estimated, we must anticipate. Yet solutions to these conditions are not lacking, in most cases. It is simply that New York, like other cities, is so used to doing things in its own way that it has forgotten to ask whether it is a good way. Being used to graft, it objects mildly and submits cheerfully. Being used to traffic congestion, it grumbles a little and does nothing. Being used to waste, it protests but pays.



# Elephants

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly* (November, '28)

Major A. W. Smith

I AM one of those men whose business it is to know the elephant much as a farmer knows his horses, for I belong to a firm which extracts teak from the forests of Burma and Siam. My firm employs a force of over 2500 elephants, which represents a value of about three and three-quarter million dollars gold.

Normally in wild life an elephant will feed for 18 to 20 hours out of the 24, this time being required to fill his enormous bulk with green food. He sleeps very little, generally an hour or two at a time. In the light form of bondage of timber elephants, working hours are three to four hours daily and only for four days a week. As he is not worked during the hot-weather period, an elephant's working year is only about 400 hours, but even this imposes a strain on his physique which is counteracted as far as possible by daily rations of salt and the fruit of the tamarind, while unhusked rice is given under certain conditions. During his hours of idleness he is allowed to wander at will in the jungle, prevented from straying only by dragging chain fetters which make an easily recognizable track.

The cycle of an elephant's life is very similar to that of humans. A youngster is put to light work at 16 and gains his full development at 25, and, though females may carry calves at 18, this is young. The animals are getting past work at 65, and though there are, I believe, instances of great life in elephants, our experience is that they seldom live beyond 75.

Elephants are keen neither of sight, of scent, nor of hearing, in comparison with other jungle inhabitants. Nor, indeed, is there any reason for the elephant to be

on the alert, for he has nothing to fear except the occasional killing of a calf by a tiger. The story of a hunter moving through the jungle and finding himself without warning within two feet of an elephant's tail illustrates the point. This is a perfectly possible situation, but it would be possible with no other jungle beast.

My own experience also supports this statement. One of our elephant camps had lost a young tusker who was suspected of having joined a wild herd known to be in the neighborhood, and we were all eager to get him back. One day one of my expert Burman trackers came to me with the news that this herd was feeding within a mile of us, and he proposed seeing whether our tusker was with it. I was doubtful as to how this was to be done, but allowed myself to be posted on a shady rock in the bed of a creek, with my rifle, in case of accidents. I was to leeward of the herd, but I could hear the elephants close to me and could occasionally see them within a hundred yards. My Burman slipped into the herd and examined each one in turn. There were 26 elephants, and as he did not know the beast in question he had to manoeuvre to see the rump of each possible one to find the firm's brand. Not content with this, he went to windward and shepherded the whole herd down my creek undisturbed. They passed in a long procession, some within ten feet of me, a few even pausing to bathe, quite unaware of what was driving them.

The sources of supply for timber-working elephants are various, but by far the greatest number are born into the service. The parents of these calves

may be two elephants working in the same camp, but it frequently happens that the female is visited by a male from a wild herd. It is not always known when a wild bull mates with a captive female, but it is always known when mating occurs with a captive male, for his fetters scar the female's shoulders. It is sometimes difficult to tell when two elephants are likely to mate, for there is no previous excitement on their part or on the part of other males. Two animals will form a friendship and this will develop into constant companionship. They will join each other feeding in the jungle, and it may come about that they will not work unless together. After weeks, possibly months, of this, mating will take place. Only then do the animals show any excitement, and both take an equal part in the final stages of courtship.

Another source of elephant supply is the *keddah*, a form of stockade with a wide mouth narrowing to a bottle neck, into which a wild herd is driven. An elephant secured, however, is by no means an elephant in the working camp. He can be trained in three weeks, but he is not fit for work for a year, and deaths in this period may be as high as 35 per cent, generally from heart trouble due to the strain of being captured. When a captured elephant becomes somewhat accustomed to men, he is walked out daily with a heavy rope around his neck attached to one or, if necessary, two trained elephants who are known as *koonkies*, or schoolmasters. Any punishment necessary is administered by a *koonkie* and may consist of a beating with the trunk or a but in the side. *Koonkies* are usually heavy and very steady females who appear to take a satisfaction in their work.

The actual work which elephants perform varies widely, but most commonly it consists in dragging teak logs from the stump to either floating streams or cart roads. The country in which teak grows is generally so inaccessible, roadless, and mountainous that movement is difficult anywhere without elephant transport for tents and stores.

When the trees are felled and logged, the elephant's job starts. Each log must be dragged through the thick jungle to a stream bed and laid straight along the bottom to await the freshet which will carry them out to the main river.

But it is not always so simple as all that. Sometimes a log slide must be made down to the river. Elephants learn the mechanics of a slide surprisingly quickly, and it is a pretty sight to see an elephant, after being unshackled from a log at the top of a slide, pick up and hand his drag chain to his rider, and then manoeuvre the log square with the end of the slide with both tusks and forefeet. He gathers himself and gives it one push with his tusks and trunk, possibly following it with a kick with a forefoot. He critically watches it on its way down the slide, only to turn to go back for another as soon as it is properly started. If it is necessary to load the logs on a cart, a good tusker can lift a log on his tusks and put it on a cart single-handed, touching it at this end and that to get it square.

The other main duty of elephants is what is called "ounging," the movement of logs by the head. When logs jam in a stream bed, ounging elephants are sent to clear the jam. By pushing with the tusks or forehead and pulling with the trunk, working shoulder-deep in water, they move the key logs, and then the whole thing is straightened out.

The herd instinct among elephants is so strong that it once was responsible for the destruction of the greater part of a station on the Burma Railways. A German firm had purchased from us at a camp a baby elephant, placed him in a railway car, and shunted the car into the siding for the night. The calf, unused to such treatment, started to trumpet his little heart out. This fetched in all the elephants in the vicinity, who began by wrecking the car, and having smashed it to matchwood, started on the station. Fortunately we were able to leave the German firm to settle the question of damages with the railway authorities.

## *Greek Letters for Go Getters*

Condensed from *The North American Review* (November, '28)

*Max McConn, Dean of Lehigh University*

THE Greek language has very nearly passed out of our American colleges, except for the alphabet. But the alphabet flourishes exceedingly. Every freshman learns it from brass plates which adorn magnificent mansions, and from resplendent jeweled pins on the waistcoats of magnificent young men who issue forth from the mansions to rule the college scene.

The fraternities have long been a subject of controversy. Their members will tell you that they are temples of a mystical brotherhood. Others whisper—or shout—that they are schools of snobbishness and parking space for lounge lizards. What is the truth?

In selecting their membership, fraternities take account of four principal points: money; family; the preparatory school; and personal qualities. I have listed the points in climatic order. The strongest and most interesting criterion is the fourth: personal qualities. These are of two kinds. One kind relates to "personality"—an agreeable exterior, a winning smile, being a "slick dresser" and a "smooth talker." The second kind consists of capacity for distinction in outside activities,—athletics, the glee club, or even college journalism. Where any such capacity is definitely present, many other things may be overlooked.

Fraternities are officially interested in scholarship to the extent of seeing to it that their members "keep off probation." A member who is notoriously delinquent in his studies may be labored with by the head of the house, especially if he is prominent in athletics or some other activity—in an effort, of course, to keep him eligible. Beyond this point one

cannot truthfully say that, in general, they concern themselves with scholastic matters. At every college, to be sure, there are regularly a few fine scholars in the fraternity group, but the spirit and atmosphere of fraternity houses is definitely non-intellectual. The accepted topics of conversation are invariably athletics, other outside activities, and girls, and any "high-brow" theme is taboo.

Some will conclude that the fraternities support idleness and frivolity. But that view is entirely erroneous. Fraternities do harbor a few lounge lizards. But they are no more typical than the sporadic Phi Beta.

Fraternity men in general are exceedingly industrious. They have their classes to go to and their lessons to be got (after a fashion), and these things take quite a lot of time. And then, over and above this, they have their all-important outside activities to keep up: teams, glee clubs, theatricals, dances, banquets and so on. Idle? Believe me, it is rather "the strenuous life."

Moreover, these multifarious outside activities are educational in a very high degree. The students themselves insist upon this to the usually deaf ears of deans and professors. In their own phrase, they "get more out of them," in mind and training than their books afford. In short, the great majority of fraternity men are neither idle nor frivolous. They are earnestly at work on another course of training, devised and developed by themselves, which they select for its superior educational advantages. Personally, I have become convinced that they are right, and

their choice justified—for themselves.

Obviously, however, these students stand for something quite different from the traditional idea. The older type of higher education relied almost exclusively on one instrumentality—book-learning. It assumed that young men who came to college desired this thing called learning and had some use for it; that they had the capacity for getting out of books not only facts but general ideas, conceptions, even emotions; that, consequently, their minds and characters could be molded by books; that they could be taught a critical analysis of ideas, logical reasoning, aesthetic appreciation, ethical evaluation, and the like.

This assumption was probably true of most college students a hundred years ago, and it is true of a considerable number of our present students. But within the last 40 years our colleges have been invaded by the whole populace, as it were. Clearly, with 800,000 college students, it is quite inconceivable—even if desirable—that any such proportion of the total youthful population should be bookishly inclined.

There are really a great many, to be sure, whom the old education does fit, who do have the necessary aptitude. Let me insist on this; for I do not wish to be cynical. But the great majority of the new hordes are simply nonplussed by the higher learning—and intolerably bored. They can learn facts for quizzes, but as for getting any real understanding of literature, history, mathematics, or science—it just is not in them. They simply are not “intellectuals”—not “highbrows.” And to get any real education from the old instrument you need to be a “highbrow.” There is no training of either intelligence or character to be got from books unless you love these things, unless they absorb you, move you, carry you away.

Those who could not enter into this feeling seized upon outside activities and have developed them to the tremendous proportions which they bear upon every campus today. And the fraternities

have been the most efficient promoters and deserve the greater part of the credit.

In the beginning, the fraternity men and others were merely turning in desperation to something “practical” which they could do with some self-felt interest. They did not, of course, deliberately set out to create a new instrument of education. But that is what they have achieved—as they themselves now perceive and maintain.

The young men here in question do not seek critical analysis of ideas, logical reasoning, aesthetic appreciation, and ethical evaluation. They admire and emulate those qualities of character and mind which make for practical “success” in the adult world of business and organizations: the fighting spirit, the will-to-win, initiative, and energy; and such intellectual capacities as are involved in meeting and dealing with other people and planning and organizing. They perceive clearly enough that these are the qualities and capacities which will bring jobs and promotion. And they perceive also that in the mimic business world of college activities, with its politics and intrigues, its tremendous setting up of machinery and organization, its multiplicity of practical things to be done, they have an almost perfect school for the “go-getter”—which is exactly what they aspire to become.

As I said before, they are quite right. They have found a new instrument of education, admirably adapted to their purposes and capacities. The fraternities have become the stronghold and chief agency of the new majority education. This new pedagogical instrument is their great and significant gift to the colleges. It is largely through their efforts that our colleges are now devoted predominantly to the democratic object of training practical business men, rather than to the mere advancement of learning and what used to be called “culture” among a selected few who happen to be intellectually gifted.

# *Why We Have No Real Air Force*

Condensed from Plain Talk (July-October, '28)

*General William Mitchell*

ARMIES proved conclusively in the last war that they could not gain victory. For four years they faced each other across a lot of ditches in northern France and went backward and forward only a few miles. Millions of men were killed and wounded; billions of dollars were spent; natural resources became exhausted; lines of transport and communication were destroyed or greatly impaired. All that happened only went to prove that the armies, following an entirely worn-out theory that they could advance and capture the vital centers of the enemy against an opposing army, had not taken proper count of modern means of defense, such as the machine gun, the rapid fire cannon and toxic gases. By their ignorance of modern methods and devices, they brought the world to the verge of ruin.

No one yet knows who won the war. Certainly Germany was not crushed and certainly England has not been given the freedom of the seas and world trade for which she hoped. European and Asiatic nations have studied these things carefully. They know that the development of arms on the ground makes it possible for one man to hold off 50 to 100 when he is acting on the defensive and they are attacking. They know that armies in a great international war cannot obtain victory and that if a contest is entered into on the ground, as in the Great War, it means an absolute reversion to savagery or about the same thing as tying two men to a tree, giving each a club and making them hit each other on the head until both are dead.

Therefore, other first-rate nations have organized their armies to hold the ground but not to advance until the way

has been cleared for them by air forces. They know, too, that the great surface battleships are of little use because of airplanes and submarines. Consequently, most first-class nations have stopped building battleships. Those who want to help their shipbuilding interests as a national asset give money directly in the form of subsidies to their merchant marine—which really does some good.

In place of the old army and navy systems, where each was more or less independent of the other, the first-rate nations have placed their air forces on an equal footing with the armies and navies, so far as independent administration is concerned. The most significant fact in connection with this change is this: Everywhere air power has been taken away from the army and navy and is being developed as the great main force of the future—that is, everywhere except in the United States. By combining all national forces under a single head, we could save millions of dollars, and the Army and Navy would no longer be able to hold down air power as they have in the past.

Soon or late, the progress of civil aviation will establish the importance of the airplane in national defense and the Army and Navy will have to grant the air forces military autonomy.

One retarding factor to aeronautical progress is the attention given to aviation accidents by the press. A hundred persons may be lost at sea, 50 suffocated in a mine, 100 killed or maimed in a theater or scores killed in railways and automobiles, and there will be less attention paid to them than to one aviation accident in which one or two persons are



killed. It is not so-called stunt flying in itself that causes the accidents. It is poor airplanes, poor navigating equipment, poor weather service and poor instruction of the pilots that fly the craft. Furthermore, it must be said, when we become accustomed to dying in a certain way, it is no longer considered dangerous.

Suppose that John Smith is a new member of Congress and his constituents say to him, "John, when you go to Washington we want you to see that the air service is improved, that it is taken out from under the brass-hatted admirals and swivel-chair generals and put under real flying officers and that it is made an independent branch in the same way that it is in other world powers"—and see what happens. John answers that he will do everything in his power to bring that about. He begins to look for a committee that has to do with handling aeronautics for the Federal Government.

Nothing of the kind exists. Instead, there are a great number of committees that have a finger in it. There is the commerce committee, the Post Office committee, the committee on appropriations, the navy committee and the military committee. None of these knows exactly where its control of aviation begins or where it ceases. Smith soon finds that the naval committee is merely a mouthpiece for the bureaucracy of the Navy and that the members of the committee nearly all come from places having government dry docks or naval establishments of one kind or another.

If the air force were developed it might mean that, instead of the government spending billions for battleships, it might spend millions for airplanes. The Navy steadily opposes such a development. Big ships are wanted and, if these are not obtainable, the order goes out for cruisers because they require more steel and more labor to build than, say, submarines. The Navy has not been able to put over any new battleships on the slightly suspicious public recently, so cruisers are the thing. One

hears practically nothing about submarines, the most potent vessel in the navy.

No one can tell Congressman Smith where, how or when aircraft belonging to the Navy are to be used or if they happen to be in the air at the same time as the Army aircraft or the Post Office aircraft or the forestry aircraft or the coast guard aircraft or several other kinds of government aircraft. Congressman Smith knows that in every other first-rate country all aircraft are under a single control or command and all eventualities are provided for. Smith then looks over the military committee, through which the army bureaucracy does its work, to see if there is any coordination between the military committee and the naval committee. There is none to speak of.

Nowhere can our whole problem of national defense be seen as one picture. Each branch of the national service is yelling that if it does not get all the money in sight the country will go to perdition. The Army wants funds to build houses, roads, sewers and officers' quarters. The most important adjunct to a ground army, tanks, without which a modern army can do nothing, are hardly mentioned. No more stress does the Navy put on submarines. To carry their points, officers of both services furnish erroneous figures about aircraft. Congressman Smith, if he is new at the game, is bewildered. It is evident that the United States under this system cannot possibly have national defense or any development of air power commensurate with the money spent on it.

What we need is an impartial investigation of our whole national defense system by a joint committee of Congress, so that remedial legislation can be applied which will give us a single department of national defense with the Army, Navy and air force co-equally represented on it, along with the department of munitions. Then we shall be able to obtain efficiency and the saving of thousands of millions of dollars to our people.

# Rubber, Rice and Religion

Condensed from Nation's Business (October, '28)

W. O'Neil

WHEN the Stevenson restriction act limiting the production of rubber on British plantations in the Middle East was abandoned a short time ago, many Americans were led to believe that it was done to discourage this country from growing its own rubber. A campaign designed to make us independent of foreign producers has been in full swing since the British started to restrict their output in 1922, and since then so many glowing word pictures have been painted that many people assume that we have already threatened the foreign supremacy in rubber production.

The actual reason for the collapse of the Stevenson act is to be found in a wholly different set of conditions. British plantations figured they were capable of producing 350,000 tons annually. The Dutch in the East Indies were turning out about 65,000 tons, and about half of this was from plantations operated by natives. Efforts had been made by the British to have the Dutch producers join in the restrictive agreement. When the Dutch refused, the British decided to go it alone, assuming that their competitors would not be able to increase their production greatly because so much of it depended on native enterprise.

The dirt farmer or native in the Dutch possessions, proved to be the flaw in this reasoning. During the first year the Act was in operation the Dutch production ran up to 100,000 tons. Next year it jumped to 175,000, and last year the Dutch output was 225,000 tons, about 90 percent of which was produced by natives. This figure was

only exceeded by Malaya which produced 236,000 tons.

In the meantime, of course, the restrictive Act had cut down English output but not nearly enough to balance the Dutch increase. The curtailment program therefore was abandoned as a measure of self preservation, but it was several years late. British domination of the world's raw rubber supply had vanished.

The dominating figures now are the dirt farmers, the independent native Javanese producers in the Dutch area and the Tamil Indians, Great Britain's "ace in the hole," their cheap labor supply.

Conditions surrounding these two classes differ widely with the advantage in favor of the Dutch. The Dutch have encouraged these natives by furnishing them seeds free and allowing them to become independent. When rubber prices drop the native temporarily turns to other sources of income, and the carrying charges of holding the forests till rubber prices rise again are practically nil.

Great Britain can only counteract this Dutch advantage with their Tamil Indians, imported from the teeming provinces of India. Unlike the Javanese they do not become independent producers but work for the English under very highly organized labor systems and laws.

When the American people learn something about the numbers, the wage rates and the living standards of these Javanese farmers and Tamils, it is my opinion that there will be a great deal less talk about American grown rubber.

There is no doubt whatever that we

could grow our own supply, or a large part of it, at a price. But I believe it can be shown that economically and politically we have nothing to gain in such an enterprise.

Rubber is now selling at 19 cents a pound, which is below previous production costs.

I doubt if we could raise it in the Philippines or any other American possession for double that price, and even then we would run into endless political, social and religious complications.

By religion, the Tamil Indian will not eat flesh. He is a vegetarian, and his principal food is rice. He commands a wage of a little over 20 cents a day, and his wants are so few that he can save money on that. The Javanese in the Dutch area are also vegetarians, chiefly because they have been accustomed to it so long and are satisfied to continue.

In recent years producers in some districts have been bringing in Chinese coolies for the heavier work. The Chinese common laborer may not strike the average American as anything to brag about, but he is capable of toil that would be far beyond the ability of the Tamil. He is a meat eater, and in order to get meat he requires and commands a wage rate running from 50 cents to one dollar a day. This is the economic fact that must be reckoned with when we talk of growing rubber in the Philippines. There is not a sufficient labor supply in the Philippines to produce much rubber. Therefore any development of the American industry there would call for the importation of labor.

We could not import Chinese labor, first, because there is a legal immigration barrier similar to that in this country; and second, because of the high wage rate. Therefore we should be driven to reliance on the Tamil, who represents the only large labor group of vegetarians to be found anywhere in the world. Assuming that we brought in Tamils, we should be planting them in an entirely different social, religious, and economic environment. The inevitable demand would be for higher wages.

My point is not that I object to a program of elevating the living standards in the rubber growing districts; but simply that this necessary increase in wages would put a prohibitive price on our rubber. It is the Javanese native or dirt farmer who controls the rubber output now, and we would have to compete with him. Already he has cut the price to less than 25 percent of what we paid for wild rubber from the Brazilian jungles requiring not a penny of capital investment. The meat-eating South American was not able to compete against the vegetarian Tamil or independent Javanese farmer, even with the advantage of nearness to the great United States market.

Economically, I question the justification of any American attempt to compete with 20 cent labor. Of course the world is going to need more rubber, but why should we feel that we must produce our own supply? World trade means just what it says. We exchange a commodity we can make better for a product which some other country can make better.

In other words, we exchange merchandise that is built in this country with labor that is paid between five and seven dollars a day for rubber that is raised with labor at 20 cents. Let's not be jealous of the British subjects who are supplying us with our raw material under such a wage scale.

There is another argument, of course: we are told that in event of war we shall be helpless without our own supply of crude rubber. In my opinion, this, too, is full of flaws. In an emergency we could stop all non-essential uses of rubber and have enough in stock to supply our war needs for five years. The United States consumes more than 70 percent of the world's production. Long before the expiration of the five years, we could begin to augment our supply from the Guayule shrub, now growing wild over thousands of acres in Texas. It would cost 50 cents a pound, but enormous quantities could be obtained, and it requires only two years to bring this plant to production.

## Science Leads Us Closer to God

Condensed from The American Magazine (September, '27)

*Michael Pupin as told to Albert Edward Wiggam*

SCIENCE is making us better Christians.

Science is teaching men how to cooperate more intelligently with God; it is teaching men what God's laws are, and how to obey them.

Science is increasing our belief that the human soul is the greatest thing in the universe, the supreme purpose of the Creator.

These are a few of the impressions which I carried away from a talk with Michael Pupin on what science means to a man's spiritual life.

Michael Pupin came to America 54 years ago as an ignorant peasant boy of 15. Recently he was elected president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, one of the highest scientific honors in the world. What he says, therefore, is the outcome not only of profound scientific knowledge but also of an intimate knowledge of life—its hardships, struggles, disappointments, and successes.

"When I was a boy in Serbia," said Dr. Pupin, "I used to spend part of my time, with other boys, herding the grazing oxen that belonged to our fathers. At night I was enchanted by the stars, blazing in the firmament. I imagined that the light of these stars was a message from God telling us the hour of the night and the direction of the approaching dawn.

"When the vesper bell would ring, my mother, a pious woman, would say, 'Michael, do you hear the divine message which calls you to the altar of God?' Thus gradually I began to imagine that the sound of the church bell also was a message from God.

"It is not surprising that in my boy-

hood days I often asked myself two questions: What is sound? and, What is light? A search for an answer to these two questions has undoubtedly directed my scientific career.

"Sound, I found as a scientist, is due to the vibration of material bodies. But the physical vibrations are only a small link in the connection of the external physical world with the internal world of a man's mind. There, within the man's mind, the soul interprets the language of sound. And the more I think of this, as a scientific man, the more do I recognize that my boyhood fancy was right—sound is a message to our souls.

"Today, when I hear Kreisler playing, or any other great musician, I feel that he is making the vibrating strings speak a language which is a true message from heaven.

"Light, I found, was a series of tiny electronic pulses sent throughout space from the sun and stars. And just as sound sets going the nerves of the ear to carry messages from the external world to the internal world of the human soul, so these electronic pulses set going the nerves of the eye which carry their messages to the brain. There, the soul deciphers and interprets their meaning. All these vibrations receive their true meaning only when the soul deciphers their message. And the more I think of it as a scientist, the more do I feel that those gleams of light from the quiet stars which fell upon my eyes as I tended the oxen, were really messages to the soul, declaring the glory of God.

"Now, since science finds that the physical universe, with all its electrons in motion, receives its true interpreta-

tion only as its messages reach the soul which alone can decipher these messages, does it not lead logically to the belief that the soul of man is the greatest thing in the universe? Indeed, does it not lead to the belief that the human soul is the highest purpose in God's creative energy?

"Sometimes we sneer at our puny earth, saying 'It is such a tiny speck of dust in the universe that it cannot amount to much. A star like Betelgeuse—that's a big thing.' But is bigness the true standard of measure? True, Betelgeuse is enormous, nearly three hundred million miles in diameter. Our whole solar system could swing around inside it. But what is Betelgeuse? Nothing but a big gas bag—that's all. With all its size, it has no soul. It cannot hear the call which I heard as an ignorant boy, to worship at the altar of Almighty God.

"These big stars are only the beginning of God's creative energy. The human soul, in so far as science can penetrate, is the last chapter of cosmic history as far as it has been written. It is in the soul that Divinity resides. And when we think of that, we are not so small. Science has found nothing in the universe which even compares in importance with the life of man.

"Wherever science has explored the universe, it has found it to be a manifestation of a coordinating principle. It leaves us no escape from the conclusion that back of everything there is a definite guiding principle. We are faced with two alternatives: either the law and order of the universe is the result of haphazard happenings; or it is the result of a definite intelligence. Now, which are you, as an intelligent being, going to choose?

"Personally, I believe in the Divine Intelligence, because it is simpler and more intelligible. It harmonizes with my whole experience. When you see the stars, each moving along its own prescribed path with a precision impossible to attain in any mechanism

constructed by man, when you see a seed grow after a definite plan into a tree, or a baby develop into a self-directing human individuality, can you believe that it is the result of haphazard happenings? Such a belief is beyond my understanding.

"Moreover, is it reasonable to suppose that the soul, which is the most important thing that creation has achieved, will perish when the physical body dies? Is the soul going to have existed in vain? It does not seem possible to me. Science does not offer mathematical proof of the immortality of the soul, but it gives us plenty of grounds for intelligent hope. And it adds to our conviction that physical life is only a stage in the development of the soul. My personal belief is that everything that happens in this great universe is for a purpose; and that purpose is the development of the human soul. That is where science and religion touch. Science adds immeasurably to the foundations of religious faith. Science will strengthen religion—as it has strengthened mine.

"My religion as a scientist does not contradict a single element of the religion which my mother and the people of my native village held when I was a boy. Science has simply brought me to a higher, broader view of the Creator.

"That is the real pleasure of scientific work. The purpose of science is not merely to make material things, inventions to increase wealth and comfort. These things are certainly a blessing, but not the greatest blessing. If science does not assist me to give myself and others a better religion, a better understanding of the Creator, and a closer personal touch with Him; if science does not assist me in carrying out the Divine purpose, then I am a failure as a scientist. But science has made me a better Christian; I believe it will make better Christians of all men and women who try to understand its simple and beautiful laws, because they are the laws of God."



# Putting Halitosis on the Map

Condensed from *The Survey Graphic* (November 1, '28)

*Stuart Chase*

EVERY honest business man will agree that advertising which is either in the nature of a fraud, downright misrepresentation or unfair competition, has no legitimate place in the public prints or on the billboards. This stricture at once casts doubts upon several hundred million dollars' worth of space now taken by the patent-medicine fraternity, the blue-sky stock operators, a large fraction of the correspondence school go-getters, the learned promoters of psychological "institutes," the success boys, the "solid mahogany" veneer artists, great sections of the beauty shoppe industry, the gyp jewellers, the food fakers, the gland shooters, the ultra-violet prestidigitators, the astrologers, the untold promoters of the "money back" racket, the "I cure men" performers, the fat reducers, and the personality developers—to name only a few.

Beyond these fields of fraud, advertising is perfectly justified under the canons of business as usual, and all the traffic will bear. It is simply a matter for common sense judgment on the part of the buying public. Granting that we, as ultimate consumers, are reading the advertisements, and buying things on the strength of them,—are we getting the most out of our dollars? Is there anything that we can do to make a given dollar go farther?

I believe that there is. I believe that there is a very substantial cut to be taken in the cost of living by introducing standards, science, into consumption, the inevitable effect of which will be to debunk the bulk of modern advertising. Armed with impartial, scientific standards for judging the worth of the articles

he buys, the consumer can disregard the bulk of advertising copy, drive prices down, and make the economic system proceed on its way with less in the way of literary lollipops, bathing-beauty silhouettes, and skins you love to touch.

I say he can; I do not say he will.

Today, time and again, he falls on his face by virtue of the following—reasonably legitimate—advertising appeals:

- The reiterative technique
- The brand and package racket
- The testimonial racket
- The snob appeal
- The fear appeal
- The beauty appeal
- The sex appeal
- The health appeal
- Success dope

The astute advertiser has cataloged these springs in human behavior which lead to tangible pocketbook, check-writing action. He has learned to mark grooves in our minds by constant repetition of a slogan or a brand name; and through the psychological law of the association of ideas, when we think of soap, "Ivory" snaps into focus; when we think of cigarettes, behold we are walking a mile; of coffee, the kind that's good to the last drop; of paint, Messrs. Sherwin and Williams are covering the earth. In stressing its services, the greatest of billboard concerns observes cogently that "Repetition is Reputation," as indeed it is. Which is excellent if the product is also excellent, but alas, the technique can also be used effectively for an inferior product.

Another great technique employed by the advertiser is "buying with the eyes." The eye appeal is usually stronger than the other sense appeals. Therefore if the manufacturer making things for the senses, can present them in the form of

a sufficiently engaging eyeful, his chances of turnover are greatly enhanced, nor does he need to bother so much about the quality of the product itself. Thanks to this technique we have the phenomenon of buying the package rather than what the package contains. The splendor of cosmetic containers, perfume bottles, soap wrappings; the jiggers and doodads on the dashboard of a motor car; the neo-Byzantine façades of radio sets—all tend to take the mind away from the fundamental chemistry or mechanics of the perfume, the car, or the radio, and stupefy it with glitter.

Snobbery is another selling force. Americans as a social group are on the make. There are Joneses to left of them, Joneses to right of them. Upon their avid desire to take no avoidable dust from their neighbors, the advertiser trades. There is no longer the slightest scientific need for annual models in motor cars, but if the man next door has a cagey new dingus on his radiator, it constitutes a challenge that no self-respecting citizen can afford to neglect. And whoopee! a couple of billions of additional sales a year, and General Motors growing bowlegged carrying its profits to the bank.

Again, take the case of Listerine. Here was a pleasing concoction drifting downhill when a bright advertising man spotted the word "halitosis" in the dictionary. You know the rest. We were frightened into buying millions of bottles by appallingly realistic photographs of what our friends would say, of what our families, our sweethearts and our bosses would say. Yet the American Medical Association informs us that Listerine is not a true deodorant, it simply covers one smell with another. The cause of halitosis is in the stomach or teeth, and a million bottles of Listerine cannot effect a cure. One cent's worth of corrosive sublimate, which properly diluted in water makes a perfectly safe solution, has the disinfecting power of 495 bottles of this precious

fluid. Finally, recent advertisements have described the conditions as "halitoxic"—and so registered another master stroke. Correct English requires "halitoic" or "halitosic," but "toxic" has been boldly coined, because toxic connotes poison, and thus throws another scare into us. Lately, furthermore, the M.M. Lambert have been borrowing from another great campaign and report one-out-of-three as "halitoxic." This may be true, but before accepting it too trustingly it is well to remember that the Life Extension Institute found one out of 20 with pyorrhea, rather than Mr. Forhan's famous four-out-of-five.

Returning now to our examination of kinds of advertising, it appears that no criticism can attach to honest notices of new products and inventions, special sales and opportunities, nor to competitive advertising which restrains itself to exact statement of fact, without undue selection of fact. (Such advertising as is found in the scientific journals.) For fraud and direct misrepresentation, no criticism is too stringent. But in respect to competitive advertising with purple—but legal—prose, the outstanding criticism would seem to lie in the sublime gullibility of the public which hitherto has bolted it whole and begged for more.

It is up to the consumer. Manufacturers have got the habit and it would bankrupt them if they stopped—unless they stopped *en masse*. There is only one way under the present system to break up the procedure, and that is to stop buying for pictures and adjectives, and buy for quality and economy on the strength of knowledge and impartial laboratory advice. In brief, if the consumer is ever to come into his own, it can only be through the introduction of the scientific method into consumption. One suspects that if ever that happy day comes, untold manufacturers of sound, dependable products will fire their more exotic copywriters with a sigh of relief.

# *A Revolution in Retailing*

Condensed from *The Review of Reviews* (November, '28)

*Merryle Stanley Rukeyser*

**B**USINESS is taking a leaf from modernistic literature and is beginning to engage in debunking. At present, the debunking is being applied most assiduously on a grand scale to the field of retail selling.

One nation-wide merchandising organization, which recently added a chain of stores to its catalog activities, is consciously seeking to break down the older traditions of retailing, and to strip the cult of its bizarre rituals.

For example, it is eschewing the ancient game of marking up merchandise and then marking it down again to satisfy the bargain instincts of the indiscriminate. It offers no free deliveries, but adds a fee for such extra service. It sells no bait merchandise below cost to attract customers. It gives no free entertainment, no gratuitous afternoon teas, and no literary stimulus. It avoids the shopping centers, and instead goes far out into the residential or industrial districts on main public highways, where it can offer abundant parking space to motorized Americans.

This particular enterprise, according to its sponsors, rests its appeal primarily on its ability to give genuine value. Its strength lies in the economies of quantity buying. To this advantage is added the savings from a new technique of store administration, which, it is asserted, has significantly reduced operating expenses. This chain of department stores believes its clerks are half again as productive as those of ordinary establishments—partly because its stores specialize in heavier merchandise, running into substantial sums, and partly because, removed from shopping centers, they

attract buyers rather than lookers.

The chain department store, long advocated by theorists, has actually come into being this year. Sears, Roebuck & Company, the mail-order house, with more than 10,000,000 catalog customers, has added to its merchandising agencies 170 stores of varying size, of which at least 30 are full-size department stores.

Likewise, Montgomery Ward & Company, the second-largest mail-order house, which earlier in the year announced its intention of opening 1500 stores, will have more than one-tenth that number in use by the end of this calendar year. Sears Roebuck purpose to invade chiefly cities of over 30,000 population. Ward, on the other hand, will go into much smaller towns, to stimulate sales among rural classes—to which mail-order houses have primarily appealed. Incidentally, about four-fifths of the Sears customers also get the Ward catalogs, and the two houses actively compete.

In spite of the fact that the common stocks of Montgomery Ward and Sears Roebuck have proved bonanzas to their holders in recent years, the mail-order industry as a whole has actually languished. Probably its peak was in 1920. The catalog appeals primarily to farmers and farm hands, and in the last eight years the farm population has been dwindling. The mail-order houses, therefore, have decided to conform their expansion programs to American social dynamics, and attempt to win the patronage of the urban millions.

These department store chains are, broadly speaking, in line with the revolution in retailing which Edward A.

Filene, the Boston merchant, and other authorities have long advocated. Of course they are only a latter-day application of the chain idea developed by the five- and ten-cent store. Woolworth, Kresge, and J. C. Penny—to single out a few illustrious chain store pioneers,—did the yeoman's work of pathfinding, and they proceeded slowly. Montgomery Ward has simply set out to do in three years what some of the older chains did in 30. But the Ward management feels that the pioneers did the necessary preliminary laboratory work, and cleared the forest of obstacles. Successful chain-store technique, subject to change in details, has been evolved, and the newcomers can benefit from the experience of others and proceed quickly.

In the retail grocery business the Kroger Company has been expanding at a prodigious pace by absorbing other smaller chains. The Great Atlantic and Pacific, the leader, opens its own stores. It now has more than 17,000 of them, and does a greater gross annual business than the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The significant new fact about the older chains has been that they have recently been penetrating hitherto neglected areas of the South and West. In their aggressive and somewhat merciless stampede for larger volume, they have been irritating smaller merchants, who had begun to think that they had vested rights in the business of their own community.

Usually the little man, harassed if not beaten by the new competition, has sought relief through political channels. The chain-store invasion has accordingly already become a sizable political issue, particularly in some state legislatures. Small merchants who cannot stand the gaff will unquestionably be befriended by politicians. The war between the order of inefficiency and the new order of scientific merchandising will doubtless become intensified. Yet some chain-store executives believe that the owners of individual stores who adopt more

efficient methods will be able to meet the new competition. Chain stores are necessarily standardized, and find it unprofitable to load up with style merchandise, which is subject to the whims of milady's rapidly changing taste. Where style, personality and individuality count, the talented merchant will retain his place in the economic sun.

Other chain executives assert that the country is too full of merchants, with one for every 50 customers. If the price of greater efficiency in merchandising is the extinction of some slovenly storekeepers, these men feel that the country can afford to pay the price. As the head of one large enterprise said, "Our activity tends to reduce the cost of living. We stretch the buying power of the average pay envelope. As long as we continue to do this, we are entitled to whatever success we may have."

The outstanding characteristic of the most successful chains is excellence in buying. The buyers are experts, and are supposed to know as much about the product as the sellers. They go into factories, help to make new products, and indicate the price which they will pay for merchandise. If the vendor hesitates, they are frequently able to show him how to produce the article at the stipulated price, and still make a profit. Such buyers are active; they do not merely passively criticize proffered merchandise. They suggest new products, making use of waste by-products or adapting to cheaper merchandise some new vogue in the world of fashions.

Irrespective of the outcome of the battle of the chains to take over a larger proportion of the nation's total retail trade, it is certain that efficiency all around will be heightened. In previous decades, the best brains of business were applied to the problems of production. Marked strides have been made in the technique of mass production. The next problem is to reduce the economic wastes in distribution, and this problem the chain stores are attacking.

# Wife-ing It

Condensed from *The Woman's Journal* (November, '28)

Anne Herendeen

MUCH has been written about the Reversible Wife, the rather exciting new model, pale pink chiffon on one side (for evenings and Sundays) and sensible blue serge on the other for week-days, nine to five. The Wife with a Job.

Here she is at 8:45 A. M., perfectly pressed and spotless, alertly stepping off to work (as banker, diplomat, radio operator or what not). Her three perfectly washed children, their lessons learned, their tummies full of cooked breakfast food, are to be seen easing off to school in one direction, while her husband, a rather tall, quiet fellow, hastens toward his office in another. At 5:30 here is our heroine again, but entirely pale pink chiffon in her personality. Listening to the children's accounts of their day, putting out the Florentine napkins because guests are expected, winsomely helping husband with his pearl studs as she reminds him that the tall blonde guest, Mrs. Williams, is now married to a Mr. Jackson but prefers to be called Miss Sewell.

That is the way the Reversible Wife has for some time been depicted, and three-quarters of the picture is shameless faking. Let us pause and pick on the Wife with a Job. She can stand it. I will put up a nickel that there is dust under her bed, and dirt on the piano keys. Her complexion needs attention; the embroidered guest towels are stiff as boards and her correspondence with her old school friends has lapsed. She is preoccupied and a little tired, and the snap and color has gone out of the sacred fire that really is hers to tend—the sacred fire of hospitality.

At the office, where three-quarters of

her energy is expended, there are necessarily off days. When the cook leaves, when Johnny comes down with the measles—she is bound to miss appointments, to be a little less than suave and coördinated.

She makes mistakes, perhaps important, perhaps unimportant.

An able woman can be a fairly good business or professional person and a fairly good housewife, or she can be a very efficient business woman and a quite poor housewife, but I have never yet met in real life the prodigy of magazine and newspaper fame who is awfully good at both at the same time. Yet, as a result of this fame, women are now *expected* to be 200 percent effective, 100 percent in the home and 100 percent out of it. We are expected to be two complete persons.

How about bringing up our daughters with the idea that there is, among the careers now open to them, one that is for the moment nameless because while the warp of it is made up of age-old values, of trust and hope and devotion and wifely pride, the woof shimmers with new lights and modern colors—with the reflections of a later day. Why not point out to them that this unadvertised profession is interesting and quite worthy of consideration even among such super-pastimes as artichoke raising, deep-sea fishing, and bareback riding?

How to designate this profession? And what is the title of the woman who practices it? "Housekeeper"? No. "Lady-of-the-house" has been debased by tramps and hand-outs. In any other language a title would suggest itself. *Come sta la Signora? Madame se trouve bien?* Our own language lacks a



designation for the 100 percent wife.

Of the lady who is "only a married woman," we are apt to say: "Oh, she isn't doing anything since she married." My friend Ethel falls into this class. She is terribly pretty and has exquisite taste. She could have remained a carefree, unmarried daughter with a big allowance and trips to Europe. Instead she threw in her lot with a delightful, eccentric inventor. She has made an adorable home, cooks ambrosial meals out of round steak and things, answers the telephone all day long and keeps his rather oddish rich customers happy. When Richard wakes up at three in the morning and says: "Darling, I have an idea for an elevator that goes sidewise and has a Punch and Judy show in it," Ethel says: "How lovely!" and gets up and puts on a Korean negligée and makes the coffee and gets everything ready for work.

And yet I have heard Ethel criticized because she "doesn't bring home any bacon." Because she doesn't collect wages she is a pampered doll.

No, Ethel has simply chosen a way of life which I shall call, for the moment, wife-ing it.

What sort of person is fitted for this and how should she function? Whither does it lead those who find in it their "absolute vocation?"

First of all, a woman herein inscribed must be what Chesterton, carelessly, says all women are, "The Divine Amateur." She must become a mosaic (but not hard and not cold) of many of the virtues and all the talents.

Success in this nameless, fameless calling demands among other things discretion, bravado, fortitude, poise, playfulness, the ability to put two and two together and to count ten slowly.

On no account must the entrant expect any solace from her own ego (she may get it, though, gratis. That's the exciting part—the unexpected, unaccountable prizes that may come to her at odd moments). But she can not be

certain of engraved loving cups, blue ribbons or banquets with speeches.

Nevertheless, to its votaries the Nameless Profession brings thrills not discoverable to any aviatrix at any altitude. The woman enrolled therein may keep house. But her superiority is not measured by the number of jars in her preserve closet. There is something maternal about her. Something filial, for she must call out and accept love and service as well as give it.

One grows impatient with generalities. Let me tell the story of one woman who has been to her profession what Ellen Terry was to hers, what Lindbergh is to his.

This person was well started (she was 30 or so) in her own line—a special kind of writing which was bound eventually to give her an enviable personal position in letters and in life. She met a man—a foreigner extraordinary along a quite different line from hers. They were married and for a few years nothing was heard of her.

She emerged after a while under his name, under his flag, doing an amazing job of organizing, enhancing, completing his work. She had mastered his specialty. Books and articles flowed from his pen (which in many cases was her pen). A salon grew up as a by-product out of their travels, and I have been told that few political writers or editors mindful of international affairs embarked upon instructing their readers until they had tested out their information and opinions there.

This woman, in giving herself so completely to her husband and to his country, gained a beauty and largeness of soul, a serenity of mind and spirit, a true greatness, a true completion, that one felt upon the first contact with her and never thereafter forgot.

*Wifhood* used to be a state into which circumstances were apt to thrust one.

*Wife-ing it* is a profession which one may choose from amongst many others.

This makes all the difference.



## "Stop, Look and Listen!"

Condensed from *Vanity Fair* (November, '28)

Kenneth Macgowan

UP and down Main Street this autumn the motion picture folk are advertising: "See and HEAR So-and-So in Such-and-Such," "See a Great Play HEAR a Great Player," "NOW with SOUND," "The Shouts of a madman . . . the fatal Ticking of a clock."

Producers who did not gamble on the Vitaphone, as the desperate Warner Brothers did, are now trying to salvage their silent productions. They take a picture made in Tahiti a year ago, give us a canned orchestra instead of a real one and throw in some sandpaper wave-effects. They add coconut shells, door-slams, and telephone bells and the result, of course, is a "Great Sound Picture." Or they put a lip-reader at work on a big scene in some dramatic film, and then hire a few actors to spend a whole day trying to say five minutes of dialog in rhythm with the shadow actors on the screen—which produces a real "talkie."

Of course it is all only a beginning. George S. Kaufman, with a great trust in science, visualizes the day when the cinema will conquer a third sense, and begin to advertise: "See, Hear, and Feel Your Favorite Movie Star." This is neither here nor there, but we might profitably speculate on just what sort of mechanical monster is about to hit us as we stand between the rails gazing at the sign that says, "Stop, Look and Listen."

Just now it looks very much like the old Biograph one-reelers of 1910, with actors speaking impromptu lines behind the cotton screen, and the property man working the glass-crash and the coconut shells. But it is easy to pardon the first atrocities of the talkies when you realize

that, historically, this new species of entertainment is younger than the movies were when Lasky was still in vaudeville, Goldwyn was a glove salesman, and Zukor was "in furs." You are enjoying the remarkable privilege of seeing an old art develop all over again.

The impact of the talkies on Hollywood and Main Street has been staggering. Hollywood is in a panic, and the voice of the elocutionist is heard in the land. Public and producer sit in front of the two-thousand-dollar-a-week pantomimists, and wonder, like the little boy in the mid-Victorian painting looking up at the mastiff: "Tan 'ou talk?" The musicians' union starts a ten-million-dollar fund to do something about keeping their jobs in the big movie houses. The little houses wonder if they can afford to pay \$5000—even "on time"—for a sound-projection device, and wise journalists of the moving picture trade press wonder if there are going to be any little houses at all. Some panic-stricken producers think the speechless movie is a thing of the past. Others—who treasure the 30 or 40 per cent of their income which is derived from the foreign market—decide that each story will have to be made both in silent and in talkie form, not too simple a task.

Which brings us to the question of just what the perfected talkie is going to be like.

Not at all like a play—that much is certain. Broadway managers don't know it, but they will find it out if some of them try to go through with a scheme they have of giving an extra performance of their plays in front of a camera and a

sound-recording machine instead of an audience. The screen cannot be anything but essentially a visual art and a free-ranging art. No one will have the patience to try to decide which actor in a roomful is speaking. No one will tolerate half an hour in a single setting. No one will give up the swift pleasure of pursuing a plot in and out of past and present, parlor, bedroom and bath, Keokuk, New York and the China Seas. On the other hand, the talkie can never shift its scene with the celerity of the movie, and go on jabbering. The jar of new voices will ruin the easy interplay of shifting visions. Again, there are real difficulties to be met if you try to save the talking for crucial sequences in the story. After a lapse into silence, the voice of the actor booms out like a thunder clap. When the actors have talked a while a silent stretch of film sounds unbelievably empty and shallow.

Hitherto, the screen has relied a great deal on music to strengthen, solidify and even interpret the silent drama. Dropping it out for the sake of spasmodic dialog is a frightful jolt. Some producers have tried to keep a synchronized orchestra running along under all the spoken words. This seems only an in-à-propos distraction. It grows worse still if there are any significant musical sounds in the story itself. In *The Terror*, for example, the mysterious masked villain plays again and again on an organ whose ghostly notes terrify the other people of the plot. Instead of capitalizing the sound of the organ against preceding silence, the producers were so foolish as to keep an orchestra sawing through the whole picture. In *Lights of New York*, whose plot went in and out of cabarets and past Victrolas and street organs, they did far better by utilizing only these natural sources of music throughout.

There are plenty of minor problems in the talkies. Vaudeville turns are extremely effective on the screen. Thanks to the amplifier, the jokes sound louder and funnier. From this beginning, can

producers develop a convention for the talkies parallel to musical comedy?

On the other hand, speech that is properly attuned to the first row of Roxy's can't be heard in the balcony, unless it is put out through a loud speaker close at hand, and then that ruins the illusion that the speech comes from the face on the screen. Does this mean that the talkies will tend to increase the number of moderate-sized movie theaters, and slow up the building of five-thousand-seat houses?

The legitimate theaters have their problems, too, as the result of this new competition. The old-fashioned movies ruined the gallery, killed popular-priced circuits where *Bertha*, *The Sewing Machine Girl* flourished, and drove A. H. Woods into the legitimate. What will the talkies do to Broadway? Will they drive melodrama out of existence by the simple process of doing the job ten times better? Will they turn over the stage to Ibsen, and Maugham, O'Neill and Molnár, Galsworthy and Howard?

It is foolish to try to pretend that anyone knows very much about all this. Some die-hards like Charlie Chaplin may be right when they say that "motion pictures need dialog as much as Beethoven's symphonies need lyrics." Perhaps the talkie will turn out to be merely a subtler, smoother movie punctuated by sound rather than speech. If it does, then it will have to be free of the silent mouthings of voiceless actors. It will have to be conceived and written in the way that made every action and every moment of the pantomime *Sumû-run* seem to be a silent action and a silent moment caught just between speech.

The talkie and the talkie makers and the talkie exhibitors have something to worry about besides how quickly they can begin cashing in on the talkies. This something is the next trick science has up its sleeve—television. When the radio brings movies as well as real life drama into the family circle, what is the picture palace going to do?

# The Sunken Barges of Caligula

Condensed from *The Living Age* (November, '28)

*Daphne Shelmerdine in Discovery, London*

SOME 18 miles southeast of Rome lies the Lake of Nemi, which was called by the ancients the Mirror of Diana. This year the lake is being drained of its water by means of electric pumps, in an attempt to discover the two great barges of the Emperor Caligula which lie sunk at the bottom. The history of the lake is a strange one, and this is not the first attempt to discover its hidden treasures.

Five hundred years ago Cardinal Prospero Colonna, whose family held the villages of Nemi and Genzano in fief, obtained the help of the engineer Leone Battista Alberti in a similar enterprise. Alberti caused a raft to be made, upon which he erected machinery, and let down into the lake great chains with hooks upon them which were fastened to the prow of one of the ships. But the chains broke and brought only fragments of timber to the surface. This was between the years 1431 and 1439.

A hundred years later the famous military engineer, Francesco de Marchi, made a descent in a diving bell; but the attempt again ended in failure, though de Marchi's account of it was exciting enough. The convex glass of the aperture through which he spied into the bowels of the lake acted like a lens, by which he saw fabulous sights; more strange than Edgar's imagined view from the cliff top, when he saw crows "scarce as gross as beetles," and "fishermen that walked upon the beach appeared like mice." De Marchi's vision was an inverted one. The lens magnified what he saw, and he reported the ships to be 475 feet in length.

They were, indeed, of an enormous

size, but not so fantastic as this. An accurate description was not forthcoming until last century when two further attempts were made. The first yielded no secret, but in 1895 a more definite account was given of the size and grandeur of the lost barges. By means of floaters attached by strings to the ship, Eliseo Borghi then outlined the form of the great barge upon the surface of the lake, while divers brought up mooring rings of great beauty and huge timbers were dragged above the water.

The first ship is about 200 feet long; the length of the second is probably more than 250 feet. Their depth is unknown, for their long burial has silted them up with sand. Their parapets are gilded, the decks paved with porphyry; bronze heads of lions and wolves, fashioned with exquisite workmanship, hold the mooring rings in their mouths, and fountains once played amidships. On lead pipes Caligula's name is inscribed.

For what purpose were these enormous vessels, at least 40 feet longer than the men-of-war of their day, launched upon a tiny lake which measures only four miles in circumference? Were they floating palaces, the property of Caligula, sunk by some catastrophe, or were they abandoned as Julius Caesar's large and costly villa on the shores of the lake was abandoned, because it was not to his liking. Or had they some connection with that other and deeper mystery of Nemi, the sanctuary of Diana?

On the northern shore of the lake is a flat piece of ground called *Il Giardino*. Here, overgrown with bushes, are the remains of a huge wall, some 700 feet long and 30 feet high, which forms two

sides of a square. In it are cut niches like chapels. Upon an enclosed terrace stood the temple of Diana. The terrace is now cultivated as a flower garden, and sends daily, to be sold at Rome, the flowers for which Nemi is famous. Such is the site of the famous sanctuary of Diana Nemorensis, which day and night was guarded by a priest whose successor slew him and was himself slain in turn.

Diana was "the mistress of mountains and forests green, lonely glades and sounding rivers," of the chase, and of wild beasts and tame animals; the goddess of fertility and teeming life, who made the barren fruitful and conferred her blessing upon pregnant women. In those days the now desolate Campagna was thickly grown with trees, and the woods of Nemi were dark and somber groves. Wild boars roamed the primeval forest. The neighboring Latin cities looked with deep reverence towards the deep groves at Nemi, where the King of the Wood waited with drawn sword for his successor, guarding at once the goddess and his life.

The barbarous priesthood lasted into the times of the Antonines. While the long succession of Kings of the Wood fought and won, and fought again and died, the shrine of Diana increased in riches and splendor. So rich was the sanctuary that Octavian despoiled it of some of its treasures to fill his coffers. Tiles of gilt bronze roofed the temple, which was built of blocks of peperino with Doric columns. On the 13th of August the annual festival of Diana was kept with sacred rites at every hearth in Italy; at Nemi a multitude of torches lit the dark grove as the pilgrims besought the goddess for the fruitfulness of their lands and the safe delivery of their children. This feast later became the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, people changing their faith but not their desires.

Perhaps the great barges of Caligula took some part in the Festival of the Ides of August, and while the procession of torches lit the grove, Caligula's ships upon the lake, with their marble decks and playing fountains, shared in the

worship of the goddess. But whether these ships were for the personal glory of the Emperor, or for the glory of Diana, is, so far, unknown. Caligula, thinking that the King of the Wood had reigned long enough, hired a ruffian to provide him with a successor, and this appears to be his only known action in connection with the sacred grove.

Never in the history of Nemi has such a fate befallen it as that which it will suffer this autumn. All previous attempts at discovery have been directed toward raising the ships, and they have ended in failure because the barges are embedded in mud. The present century has brought new methods to the problem. It has been possible to observe the position of the barges from the air. From heights of which de Marchi did not dream when he went down into the lake in the diving bell, airmen have been able to look into its depth, and since the water will not give up its secret, it has been decided to remove the water.

Five electrical and engineering firms have offered their services free of charge to the Government to drain the lake until it is possible to see the prow of the first ship, which is not so deeply sunk as the second. From this point the Government and archæological authorities will be responsible for the continuation of the work. The pumping, it was thought, would take about six months' time.

The railway and the machinery will most cruelly transform the grove of Diana. But the engineers who are draining the lake have undertaken that the water shall be returned to the basin, and since this is composed of the hardest lava and basalt, and the water nowhere runs underneath the banks, there is no fear of a landslide which would alter the familiar shape of the lake and sweep away its gardens. Nemi will be once more as it was, with the loveliness of its desolation, the exquisite delicacy of the coloring of the woods, the grey-blue color of the lake, and the beauty of the flowers which follow each other in the rapid succession of the Italian spring.



# *Toward an Insured World*

Condensed from *The Review of Reviews* (November, '28)

*Herbert Brucker*

**S**EVEN hundred years ago an old woman trudged up the hill to the castle above the town in which she lived, found her way to the kitchens, and there begged a crust of bread. Her husband, a freeman, had died. Her son had been killed fighting in the service of the lord of the castle. She herself was too old to work either in the castle or in the fields.

Yet that old woman knew that she would not be allowed to starve. Medieval society, based as it was on feudalism, provided that the local baron give his retainers and their families protection in exchange for personal service or the use of land. Even the aged and destitute in the lower ranks were cared for—if only as might be a broken down horse or hunting-dog.

One hundred years ago another woman, a working woman of Lancashire, likewise sought a crust of bread. Her husband dead, her son's life crushed out by a flywheel in the spinning mill, she was not so fortunate as her counterpart of six centuries before.

No one was obligated, even morally, to give her shelter or food. The Industrial Revolution had taken her and her kind from the country, and lumped them in a mass of crowded humanity about the mills. It used them while they could work, and forgot them when they could not. Early industrial society left its outworn and cast-off members destitute.

The principles of that society remain the foundation of life in this country today. Yet the present-day old woman whose husband has died, and who has no children to support her, needs neither to turn to the nearest rich men for charity,

like her predecessor in the Middle Ages, nor to die in a slum gutter like the woman of a century ago. The tottering structure of her life may be propped up with insurance.

The extensive use of insurance is new. But the principle of insurance is nearly as old as recorded civilization. It appeared first among the ancient Greeks, in the form of loans made on the voyages of merchant ships. Should the captain prosper on his trip, the loan was to be repaid at a high interest; but if the ship were lost, no repayment need be made. Direct insurance of ships by paying premiums, independent of loans, first appeared in Belgium early in the 14th century. Organized life insurance really began when the Equitable Society of London started business in 1765. For years after that the way of life insurance was hazardous, because there was no accurate information on mortality on which rates could be based.

Through the 19th century the use of insurance grew slowly. Shortly before the beginning of the 20th century it began an era of expansion comparable to the industrial expansion of the United States—of which it was a part. The enormous growth in the last decade came chiefly from four sources—government insurance for soldiers, influenza, high wages, and group insurance.

When the Government thought it fitting that \$10,000 was proper life insurance for the humblest private in the ranks of its four million soldiers, the families of those four million learned something. After the War, not only did many of the soldiers convert their war insurance into ordinary insurance, as they were urged, but they infused the

desire to have life insurance into the far wider circle of their families and friends.

The influenza epidemic of 1918 taught another lesson. Men, women, and children were dying everywhere, and dying suddenly. In a tenement district particularly, all the neighborhood could know that John Smith and Henry Brown had walked down the street together Wednesday morning—and that Saturday morning both had been buried. The fact that John Smith carried life insurance and that Henry Brown had not was evident. The family of one had money to pay for a decent funeral, and to tide it over the hard time of transition caused by the death of the breadwinner. The other did not. In this way the epidemic carried an object lesson, too pointedly significant to be ignored, into countless homes. And as working people had higher wages after the War it became easier to persuade them to buy life insurance.

All this has brought it about that this country carries an amount of life insurance far greater than any other. This may well have profound social ramifications. There are, as nearly as can be figured, 62 million Americans whose lives are insured in some way, for a total of nearly 90 billion dollars. This is a stupendous figure. Nevertheless, when divided among so many policy-holders, the average insurance is only \$1400. This would yield a dependent family a permanent income, at six percent, of \$84 a year—which is pitifully inadequate.

For all that, it remains true that the trend toward insurance contains much that is encouraging. Most important of all, it is not confined to life insurance taken out by the individual, but covers the broad field of "social insurance." Social insurance undertakes to provide indemnity for death, accident, sickness, and old age.

In the United States the overwhelming majority of social insurance measures arise from employers. The nearest approach to State insurance is made by workmen's compensation laws, which are now in force in all but five of the

48 States. These laws provide a set schedule of money payments to provide against loss of income arising from accidents happening while a man is at work.

Workmen's compensation, however, is only a small part of modern provision against the hazards that lie in wait for man. Most common in meeting these hazards are employees' mutual benefit associations, individual insurance, self-insurance by employer, and group insurance. All these measures are conducted by private business men or their workers, or both together, independent of action by the State.

Pensions are still in the formative stage, although considerable progress has been made by churches, educational institutions, and a few government agencies and industrial concerns. Among industrial managers there is a tendency to consider that provision for the old age of a faithful worker is not charity, but a stimulus to efficiency on the part of employees; and if this view becomes general, an expansion of pension insurance may be looked for.

Of all social insurance measures, that which gives the most promise, and which has shown the most amazing growth in recent years, is group insurance. The most impressive example of it the world has seen thus far is the policy recently taken out by the General Motors Corporation in behalf of the 210,000 General Motors employees. Group insurance is usually written to protect all employees actively working for the employer, regardless of age, sex, condition of health, nationality, or hazard of employment. There were at the close of 1927, 4,750,000 people insured under group policies.

Viewed together, all the projects that have been launched present a considerable body of evidence that, in this country at least, we are moving toward an insured world. It is reasonable to suppose that we are gradually approaching a time when, through full insurance against the hazards of life, we try to wipe out the trail of destitution, poverty, and misery they have left through history.

# Stand Well and Feel Better!

Condensed from the Scientific American (November, '28)

Dr. Donald A. Laird

A MANUFACTURER wanted me to help him select chairs which would eliminate all possible fatigue. In studying the problem I was astonished to find that in order to sit or stand scientifically I had to know something about bears, penguins, babies' spines, and how 65 percent of the geniuses of the world have worked. I also made the great discovery that man is the only animal which spits, and that this is due to his posture!

There is no other animal which persistently walks in a vertical position, though some animals walk upright from time to time. Man is an animal built internally for living with his trunk in a horizontal position parallel with the surface of the earth, but perverse nature makes him stand upright.

There are valves in our veins, for example, which function best when we are in the horizontal posture. If we walked on all fours the appendix would not clog up. The colon has to work against gravity in the upright trunk. There is more danger of brain hemorrhage in the vertical position, as well as increased susceptibility to varicose veins.

Man's upright position has given his spine two curves, so that it resembles an elongated letter "S" while other animals have a spine with a single curve resembling a stretched-out "C." The reverse curve in our spines makes it easier to balance the trunk. The year-old child has only the single curve in its spine but as soon as it begins to walk the additional curve makes its appearance.

Big feet, stronger heels, arches developed and a larger great toe are the prices we have to pay at one end for this

erect posture. At the other end there are advantages. The range of vision and hearing has been enormously increased, while the lower animals still depend almost entirely on smell and taste. The drainage from the brain is vastly better in the upright body. The bony sinuses are drained better, however, in the horizontal position.

Within the trunk itself we discover that the upright posture encourages all our "insides" to sag an inch or more, encouraging rupture, displaced kidneys and bladder stones. Great strain is also thrown on the heart, and lung action is restricted, favoring the development of tuberculosis.

My first impulse was to recommend to the manufacturer, in view of all these disturbing findings, that work benches be removed and workers told to work on their hands and knees on the floor. However, there seem to be some clear cut principles which help to relieve the strain caused by man's evolution.

Posture is an *active* thing. It is produced by the coöperation of a great number of simple nerve reflexes. But posture needs some voluntary help, since nature is not perfectly equipped to take care of it alone.

Posture is a fight against gravity. An exact percentage of good posture can be obtained by measuring one's length while lying down and dividing this by the length when standing up. If one habitually wins the posture fight with gravity he will be as tall standing as he is lying down.

Gravity pulls organs in the body cavity downward. If gravity rather than posture wins the fight the waist measure will be larger than the chest.

circumference should be ten percent greater than that of the belt line.

The curve should be kept in the small of the back. This can be tested readily by standing naturally with back to the wall; if the posture is right the hand should fit snugly between the small of the back and the wall. Tall, slender people should give most attention to posture as their build makes them especially prone to bad posture.

Whether posture is "good" or "bad" it is a habitual strain even though we are not aware of it. Just standing may become very fatiguing for this reason. So will sitting, unless mechanical support is provided by the chair in order to relieve the strain of the balancing muscles. When standing for a long time is absolutely necessary, the habit should be formed of carrying the body weight on the ball of the foot, rather than on heel or toe, and rests should be taken intermittently by flexing one leg and allowing the other to carry most of the body weight. Changing from a sitting to a standing position is genuinely restful. Even office chairs and desks have been arranged so this can be done. Continuous sitting appears to be as undesirable as continuous standing.

A fairly serviceable way of telling whether the height of the working surface is about right is to hold the hands palms up, let them swing idly at the side and come to rest about a foot in front of the body. The knuckles should just touch the working surface.

Chairs and stools should be of such a height that the sitter's feet can rest on the floor or other support easily and squarely. The seat of the chair or stool should be moulded to fit the natural curves of the body. An ingenious efficiency engineer has recently modeled a chair seat by having all his friends sit in a block of moulding wax so that he soon obtained a composite picture effect to serve as a guide. There is no particular advantage in an upholstered chair seat unless it has deep springs—which office and factory chairs seldom have. A saddle shaped chair is better than one

with an inch of upholstery. A ventilated chair seat is also to be desired.

One can sit on a soap box and conquer gravity, but only with considerable effort. There should be a specially designed back rest. A rather narrow rest which will fit into the small of the back and gently bear forward is recommended. This is the same effect as when posture is measured by standing with the back to the wall and the hand passed between the wall and the small of the back. The seat should be narrow enough so that the sitter will be thrown back against this back rest, whether he wants to or not. The narrow width seat will make a gravity-tension-relieving-posture fairly automatic.

William James, the first psychologist at Harvard, observed 30 years ago that there is a redundant effect in posture, the firmly erect posture keeping up spirits, and making it difficult to entertain fears, despondency, and depressing thoughts.

Modern psychological investigation is confirming Professor James' keen observation, and a possible explanation of the why of this redundant effect is emerging. The great physiological background for our emotional lives seems to arise from the vaguely perceived internal sensations caused by visceral tensions. We are never directly aware of these visceral sensations—even a stomach ache does not come from where we feel the pain. We react unconsciously to many of these internal sensations by ups and downs in mood.

Drugs or disease may alter the normal tension balance of the internal organs, and the emotional changes these bring about are a matter of everyday observation. Now it is becoming apparent how posture may also change the balance of the internal organs, and with these visceral tensions minor emotional ailments may be started.

Human beings are not born with good posture made natural for them. While it is not original nature to have correct posture, it can be made second nature by training in good posture habits.

# Stock Market Pools

Condensed from The American Mercury (November, '28)

Fred C. Kelly

**T**HOUGH the success of a stock market pool depends largely on its secrecy, almost anybody will tell you what a given pool is up to. Indeed, it seems doubtful if any other subject produces such vast stores of misinformation. Besides all the undependable rumors, there is a widespread myth about a pool's miraculous powers. In the minds of amateur speculators, every pool has a magic wand with which it can put the price of a stock wherever it sees fit.

One speculator whispers to another: "There's a *pool* accumulating that stock now. It's apt to move any day, and they're going to shove it up 30 points. Better get aboard now." Maybe the truth is that the pool, if one exists, has been feeding out misinformation about a forthcoming move in that stock for the very purpose of unloading its holdings.

When men who operate pools succeed in beating the market it is not always because they have inside information about a particular stock, but mainly, perhaps, because they have learned more about crowd psychology than the general run of speculators. In other words, they are able to anticipate what thousands of others are most likely to do, and to outplay them.

Shrewd pool managers know that, because man is by nature a bargain hunter, it is easy to sell him stocks when prices are declining. For this reason probably a majority of them sell their stocks to the public on the way down instead of on the way up. We may think a stock is cheap simply because the price is lower than it was yesterday, disregarding the possibility that it may be still lower tomorrow. Wise men do

not buy a stock until it has been through severe tests and shown an unwillingness to go any lower. But most of us are too impatient to wait for a stock to show its mettle—and consequently we are a great help to the pools.

We see a certain stock climb from, say, \$65 a share to \$88. We are inclined to assume that a stock that has been on the up-grade will keep right on in the same direction. We are greatly assisted in this belief by rumors that the pool is planning to put it above \$100 a share. The pool contrives to have such rumors floating about. Unless there is a widespread notion that the stock is going much higher, who will rush in to buy it?

If we believe that the stock is to sell at more than \$100, naturally it looks like a real snap if it is much under its previous top price of \$88. So we may say: "If it drops down to \$85 again, we'll buy it." So we put in what is called an open order to buy some shares at \$85. These open orders to buy at a point a trifle below present price are what the pools dote on, for they provide a ready market for the stock they have to sell.

The pool may start buying at 40, with the intention of making an average of 30 points profit. To do this may force the price momentarily to 90. But they know they can't hope to sell much stock at that figure, and are glad enough to keep on selling as the price declines until they may sell their last stock at what the public regards as a rare bargain, around 60.

When a group of men form a pool to speculate in the stock of a corporation, they like to include someone who can furnish advance inside information



about the company—preferably a director. He knows, many weeks before the public can find out, if his company is going to report increased earnings. By the time the public hears that such good news is soon to appear carefully directed rumors say that the pool is buying. Probably the pool has already picked up most of the stock it wants and is now buying only enough to give support—that is, to keep the price steady and thus make the stock look attractive.

This much is certain: a competent pool manager will maintain great secrecy. If anything leaks out about what the pool is doing it is usually because it suits the purpose of the pool to have such information abroad.

When we hear that a pool is about to put a stock up, it would be more accurate to say that the pool is about to have the *public* put the price up. All that the pool manager can do is to use his knowledge of crowd psychology to make the public do as he desires.

When the pool wishes to stimulate interest in its stock, it employs one of the greatest advertising mediums on earth—the ticker tape. This advertisement is reprinted on the financial pages of newspapers, thus providing a tremendous volume of free publicity. The pool knows that when their favorite stock begins to look active on the tape, with a decidedly upward trend in price, traders in all parts of the country will instantly observe: "Looks as if Such-and such is about to have its move."

Amateur traders are always saying that a certain stock hasn't yet had its move, implying that sooner or later it just naturally must move upward. Their confidence almost suggests that there are laws which *require* every stock to sell at higher prices when its turn comes. The real explanation is that we are always expecting the things to happen that we hope will happen.

Amateur traders usually buy more readily than they sell. If you buy a stock that you believe is going to sell higher you make money; but when you sell there is no longer a chance for profit. Since everybody is looking for profits, it

is natural that people are prompt to accept the first sign of higher prices as a signal to buy. Hence the pool has comparatively little difficulty in putting up prices. It is an old saying that stocks do not *go* up but are *put* up. But, I repeat, if they are put up by pools it is only because the pools are clever at a kind of silent ballyhoo intended to lure the public. The real motive power which forces higher prices is the buying by thousands of small speculators and investors, without which the pools would be helpless.

Just as stocks are said not to go up so often as they are *put* up, likewise many stocks do not go down much until they are forced down by pool operation. Pool managers are quick to take advantage of any unfavorable news and to make such news seem more disastrous than it really is. A while ago, the head of a big steel company died suddenly. Though he had been nominally president of his company, he had for a year or two been comparatively inactive. Indeed, his death was in reality an immediate benefit to the company because it placed complete authority in the hands of younger and more aggressive men. But the pool began to dump stock of that company for the purpose of spreading fear and driving down the price of the stock. Other stockholders, noting the sharp decline in prices, began to offer their shares for whatever they could get. The price dropped within a few hours more than 30 points. At that low level the pool bought all the stock offered and then let the news leak out through its publicity channels that the death of the steel man hadn't been so harmful to his company after all.

Because an extremely low price is thus forced by pool manipulation, and is part of a plan to acquire, cheaply, blocks of stock expected to sell higher, many observers are inclined to follow this rule:

*When a stock drops sharply and actively to the lowest price in a long time, but during three months thereafter fails to go still lower, then it is probably going, not lower but higher.*

(To be continued)

# The "Race to the South Pole"

Condensed from *The Nation* (October 24, '28)

Earl Hanson

WHEN the winter's Antarctic show is over and the two explorers, Byrd and Wilkins, have returned, one of them will have the honor, so far as the public is concerned of being the first to fly to the South Pole, while the other will be a sort of also-ran. To those whose knowledge of Wilkins is casual, he is that British fellow who got some publicity for being the first to fly over the North Pole from America to Europe. The fact that most of the Arctic explorers and the world's geographers proclaim his flight the greatest Arctic flight ever made has been largely forgotten because it was not the first.

Let him complete his Antarctic flight before Byrd and he will be hailed by the newspapers as being the first to fly over the South Pole, thereby tarnishing Byrd's golden crown.

Both Byrd and Wilkins are perfectly aware of this. But both are perfectly helpless. They can only announce their plans, voice their protests, go ahead with their work, and let the public and the newspapers keep talking about the epic race to the South Pole. And both are perfectly helpless, too, in that they must pay a certain amount of attention to their glory. To an explorer the word is synonymous with publicity, and without publicity he has the devil's own time raising money for expeditions. Commander Byrd's plan is to tackle certain pressing scientific problems. Sir Hubert Wilkins wants to pick out a possible site for a future meteorological observatory.

In Commander Byrd we have the highest type of "modern explorer," one who is a genius at raising funds, who

leaves no stone unturned to insure the safety of himself and his men. His two ships are manned by 80 expedition-members and loaded with some thousand tons of materials and supplies—planes, food, clothing, houses, motor-sleds, dogs, a completely equipped staff of radio experts, tons of coal, and indoor games—everything that science and enthusiasm can provide to make his expedition safe, sane, and comfortable. For every phase of the work he has a separate expert. As far as anybody can tell, only one big factor must remain untested until the time or actual trial—the moral factor. Will the expedition hold together? Will the volunteer-workers be amenable to discipline? Will the scientists cooperate or will each jealously protect his own field? Byrd himself lacks living and traveling in polar regions. He has flown in the Arctic to be sure, but he did his living on ships.

In Wilkins we have the exact opposite. His equipment is an absolute minimum. He and Eielson are taking two planes and two extra men. The expedition has just been transported as passengers and freight on a Munson liner to Montevideo whence they will sail on the steamer *Victoria* to the Antarctic. As in this year's Arctic flight there will be no base-ship and almost no ground-organization. The extra plane will be taken along principally for its interchangeable parts. The flight across the Antarctic will be made without gasoline enough to enable the men to fly back. They must depend on a chance whaler to take them home from the Ross Sea. Even their communications are poor—the best of radio sets is liable to be of no

use to Wilkins because he himself is a poor radio technician. In case of a forced landing Wilkins and Eielson will have to walk out over the windiest, one of the coldest and probably the most lifeless region in the world. His plans are an enormous, almost an arrogant demonstration of self-confidence. Even the Royal Geographical Society, presenting him with a gold medal for his Arctic flying, saw fit to warn him of the necessity of providing for trouble.

If we regard the Wilkins-Byrd performance as a race, the betting must be about even. But barring accidents it must be preponderantly in favor of Wilkins. Commander Byrd's million-dollar expedition is too ponderous for speed. Barring accidents it seems inevitable that Wilkins will sneak out under Byrd's nose and complete his program before the Americans get a real start. The fact that Wilkins is planning to end his flight on the Ross Barrier, in the immediate vicinity of Byrd's camp and perhaps in the camp itself, makes the prospect all the more dramatic.

Let us, on the other hand, admit the accident. If anything happens to Byrd, he can be aided by his own organization. He will have several more planes that can go out and locate him, and if necessary dog teams and tractors to go and bring him back. Let him crash one plane and he will have three others in which to fly to the pole.

If Wilkins crashes somewhere on the Antarctic continent, there are only two things he can do. One is to sit by his radio and pound out SOS calls as Nobile did this year, and to wait for his other plane to get him, provided it is still intact. The other is to improvise a sled and walk to the coast. His record leads one to suppose that he would do the latter.

There is another possibility, with an ironical twist as far as the race is concerned. That is that Byrd would go to "rescue" Wilkins. On second thought I would call it a probability. Byrd would certainly fly out to give him a lift, because that is what any decent human being would do.

Most present-day work in the Antarc-

tic must be regarded as so much laboratory work, as research in abstract science. It is perhaps because it is difficult for the public to understand this view that the sporting sides of exploration are played up. The value of scientific research is only proved in the light of future applications and those who are not prophets must take it on faith.

But some of the tasks of Byrd and Wilkins do have direct application to our own lives. The world has only lately begun to understand that weather near the poles has a tremendous influence on the weather in inhabited countries, and that no really accurate method of weather forecasting can be worked out until polar meteorology is fully observed. Wilkins' program then, of eventually establishing some 12 meteorological stations on the Antarctic continent, is of importance to every farmer and navigator. Also Wilkins may be able to discover if Antarctica, a land mass as large as the United States and Mexico together, is really a continent, or if it is an archipelago of islands, perhaps a group of two large islands.

Byrd's scientific plans are somewhat more refined and less fundamental. His scientists will undoubtedly add greatly to our knowledge of zoölogy and bacteriology of that region. They will make as close a study of geology as possible. They may find enormous coal deposits and valuable fossils as Shackleton did, proving that the ice age did not always hold sway down there. They will carry on experiments to determine if the ice is receding or gaining or standing still. They will try to measure the thickness of the ice with an adaptation of the sonic depth-finder. They will study the aurora, perhaps attempt anew to explain it, and to draw up conclusions as to its effects on radio-static.

Whether or not that enormous land mass around the South Pole ever becomes really "useful" remains for the future to decide. But the future will base its decision on the work of the present, on the results gained by such men as Wilkins and Byrd.

# *The New Sport of Greyhound Racing*

Condensed from *Liberty* (January 28, '28)

*Sidney Sutherland*

THE history of sports contains nothing to equal the sudden and world-wide popularity of greyhound racing. From Los Angeles to Berlin, the craze to watch the slim dogs run and bet on their speed has spread so swiftly that almost every plane of society has been affected.

England offers an arresting example of what I mean. Beginning in June, 1927, Britons were given their first season of dog racing—that is, the running of greyhounds in pursuit of the electric rabbit. The sport was introduced at Manchester by a group of Americans, and consequently the native was skeptical at first.

Nevertheless, the four months' season saw an attendance in England alone of 10,000,000 persons. More than \$5,000,000 was paid for admissions to the 14 tracks in England; and from these and the four courses in Edinburgh, Dublin, and Belfast, the Government collected \$50,000 a week on the entertainment tax.

Betting in England was estimated at untold millions of pounds; the total of bookmakers on the 18 tracks was put at 1000; and more than 90 companies, with a capital of \$5,500,000, were registered in 1927 for the purpose of helping to slice the dog-racing melon of the 1928 season.

In London, where there were six tracks this season, the mammoth stadium in Wembley Park has been taken over for a dog track; and 120,000 paid admissions watched the coursing one night in the White City.

The interests behind horse racing in England are frantic. The motion-picture theaters; the roller-skating rinks;

the music halls and dance pavilions; the amusement parks—all these interests have been complaining loudly about the inroads on their receipts.

France, Belgium, Spain, and Germany have likewise surrendered to the craze. As for the United States, the racing of the dogs has become a national vogue. Typical of the popularity of dog racing is the situation in Florida, where ten tracks were built for the sport. There are seven tracks for greyhound racing around the one city of Chicago.

The St. Petersburg Kennel Club built a track just outside the city limits. A curious sight was to be seen every night after the last race: three automobiles and two motorcycles carrying men armed with machine guns and rifles, would race from the park down Fourth Street to the Central National Bank in the heart of the city. There a night watchman admitted the armed crew, and from \$20,000 to \$50,000 was cached in the track owners' safety vaults. The rake-off from the betting amounted to more than \$200,000 a week—in that one little town.

The game of greyhound racing was first introduced at Erlanger, Kentucky, by O. P. Smith. At first the English whippet-racing idea was followed; that is, live rabbits were used on a straight-away course. But the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals promptly interfered.

A quarter-mile oval track was then provided and an effort made to assuage the opposition by giving the hare such a long start that the dogs could not possibly catch it. But the rabbit had a stupid way of hurdling the outer rail and streaking across country, the yelping

pack promptly following it into the next county.

The live hares were given up with the invention of the electric rabbit, which is merely a dummy covered with a rabbit skin and provided with a little tail-light to fix the dog's vision. It is attached to an iron rod, which protrudes a foot or so from a groove which runs around the outside plank wall of the track. The dummy is guided at a tantalizing but uncatchable speed by an electric motor controlled from a little power house.

This, then, is dog racing: six or eight skinny hounds are placed in little chutes in a big box at the starting barrier: the deceptive target of their primitive appetites is run once around the track to test its smoothness of operation; and when it passes the barrier on the second trip the dogs are loosed.

The first three to circle the course and pass the judges' stand are the winners. The races are run at any distance up to a quarter of a mile or a bit more.

The hounds are chasing three things: the exciting whir of the electric apparatus; the object which they mistake for a succulent morsel; and the sight of the light globe which they soon learn to associate with rabbit fare.

Unlike a horse, a dog will not run if he is punished. Perplexed, he will cower. His attention is distracted, and he will lose a precious fraction of a second in a race trying to make up his mind what his master sought to impart when he pinched him so cruelly on a tender spot, or slapped his face, just as he slipped him into the little chute.

If a dog is doped it has exactly the opposite effect from what it will have on a horse; for if a horse is given a hypodermic injection of nitroglycerine or strychnine, or if heroin powder is placed on his tongue, he will run his head off. Similar treatment of a dog will wreck his chances in the contest—because he wonders wherein he has offended his beloved but crooked master.

There is a delicious solemnity about

the whole proceeding at a dog track. The band plays on the little clubhouse veranda. The huge box containing the chutes is wheeled onto the track. The crowd of people swirls dizzily to and fro at the cashiers' windows.

The judges look important in their little pagoda across from the middle of the grand stand. Men and women mill around the paddock, ogling wisely at the hounds in their stalls having little numbered blankets adjusted to their withers.

The bugle blares and the mob surges to the rail. Presently up the stretch appear eight men leading the octet of rangy coursing dogs. The throng eagerly appraises the shallow flanks and slender legs of the animals. Then the hostlers, each in puttees, riding pants, and silken blouses and caps of the same color as the little blankets, lead the dogs back to the chutes.

Suddenly there is a whine and a rumbling whir as an electric motor speeds up. Then the electric rabbit makes its appearance. The dogs, seeing it disappear around the first turn, begin to yelp madly and hurl themselves against the mesh. The throng becomes breathless as the rabbit races around toward the chute box from the rear.

Finally, the rabbit whirls past the starting point. The chute door snaps open, and eight greyhounds leap from their berths and fly up the track after the dummy.

The people begin to scream the names of their selections. The rabbit keeps ever just ahead of the dogs, who strain savagely to overtake it.

In a moment it is over. The mob relaxes, and everyone turns to watch the big board beside the judges' stand, where the winning odds will presently be posted. A minute later a few detach themselves from the throng and rush to exchange their tickets for cash.

The majority study their programs, and hasten to do it all over again. And do it again the next evening, and the next, and the next!



# *The Quality of Wistfulness Is Strained*

Condensed from *Vanity Fair* (November, '28)

*Heywood Brown*

ON the covers of the Christmas and Thanksgiving numbers of the magazines there appears frequently a young and conventionally wistful figure. He is a small boy. It is snowing and his nose is pressed against the window pane of a shop which displays a roast turkey, an electric train, and a fur overcoat. The reader is supposed to weep for the small boy but I am not that reader. I know that if he continues to press his nose against the window pane and hold the proper expression for as long as half an hour somebody will happen along who will buy him not only the train and the turkey but the whole blame shop.

There is a certain disarming element in this quality of wistfulness. Man is an envious animal. Few of us like people who are constantly laughing and carrying on with every indication of enjoyment. If folk across the restaurant frolic and make loud and happy noises they are set down at once as bounders and probably visitors from Kansas. Our irritation is petty and depends upon jealousy. Since few of us are completely satisfied with life and all of its conditions it annoys us to think that there may be others who get more from it than we do. But the wistful person we love. The fact that he has millions and still seems pensive is ever so pleasing. It enables us to say, "Well, after all, money isn't everything."

Gene Tunney and I are suffering from the same complaint. But I am better off because I know what's wrong with me. For 20 minutes every day I practise to correct the fault. And out of friendliness I am quite willing to slip

a tip to Tunney. He lacks, even as I do, the quality of wistfulness.

Without it no public performer ever will reach the land of heart's desire. Critics have said that Gene failed to arouse the plaudits of the multitude because he was a boxer, not a hitter. There is nothing in that. Fans in the past have worshipped many who could do no more than tap and dance away. There is ample power in the right hand smashes of Gene Tunney to make him a nation's darling. But he should not look so finished and efficient.

Surely in Chicago he had his chance. Anybody who goes down for a long count is well on the road to wistfulness. But not our Gene. Even on his back he was a picture of self-confidence. Nobody could be sorry for him since he felt no pity for himself. Nor needed any.

I do not know just why it is that the world pays so vast a premium for wistfulness. Even less am I informed as to the thing the wistful want. It isn't money, nor fame nor adoration. Some of the most wistful expressions to be found in a day's journey are perched upon the countenances of great capitalists. Indeed that's almost the best place to search. After the sixth or seventh million a wistful look is all but inevitable.

But let us not fall into the easy error of accepting easy explanations. One is tempted to say that most of our self-made men missed the joys of childhood through the necessity of delivering newspapers, blacking shoes, or growing up among the rigors of agricultural existence. The trouble with that is that next to millionaires the world's most

wistful folk are children at play in parks or nurseries. Give a little girl the finest doll which can be bought and she will take it up and give you back nothing but wistfulness.

Most of the great ones of the world belong among the wistful. Consider, for example, the most popular actress of our day, Ethel Barrymore. It is her voice and particularly the notes of the lower register which make everyone within the theater feel that there is something which Miss Barrymore desires and, furthermore, that she ought to have it. The charm of Barrie, the best loved playwright, is made up in a large degree of wistfulness.

Wistfulness has always been in the world but it first achieved large scale production in Ireland. One might assume that overproduction would cause a slump. Since every man, woman and little child in Ireland is wistful you might think that they would become anaesthetized to each other. But they don't. The Irish have lived for years by being taken in by each other's wistfulness.

Psychologists reasoned that it must be freedom for which this people pined. But freedom has come and the Irish still remain wistful. The Irish are probably

wistful about being wistful. That is, each one of them regrets the fact that he lacks any sort of monopoly in this respect.

While America does not precisely lead the world in furnishing examples of the cult, we have at least encouraged it. The music of our land has done a great deal for the promotion of wistfulness. Practically all the more popular ballads which come from Tin Pan Alley are sad songs.

Few have worshipped the sun in popular harmonies. Ballads swing more to the moon because, I suppose of its inconstancy. And, if one may be permitted to personify the planets, I rather suspect that it has one other quality which endears it to the heart of humans. Have you, for instance, ever gazed intently at the man in the moon? Quite right, the fellow has the familiar and appealing look. He, too, is wistful.

After all it is the wistful who inherit the earth. Wistful people ask for nothing and get everything. The straightforward person who moves through the world speaking up in an audible voice to say, "I want that," will be greatly rebuffed. It seems to be more effective just to look longingly and say nothing.



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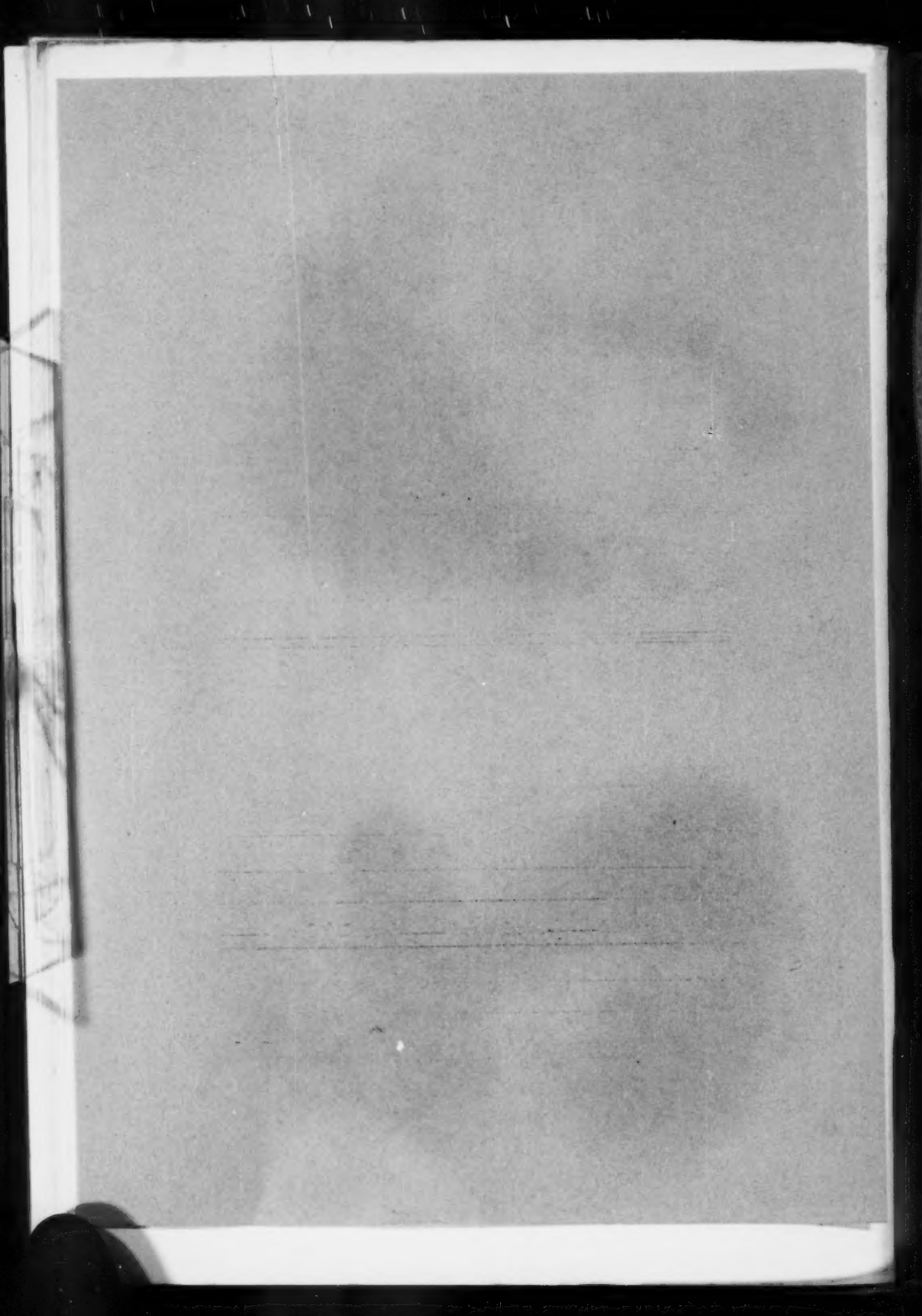
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**EDWIN A. McALPIN** (p. 476) was last year pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Madison, N. J. He is secretary of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and author of *Old and New Books as Life Teachers*. Do not miss his article in our more protest against the great American passion for "Keeping up with the Joneses."

**JAMES TRIMLOW ADAMS** (p. 477) was a member of a New York Stock Exchange firm until 1913, was subsequently became one of the best American and social commentators in the country. His *Fascinating of New England* was the Pulitzer Prize-winning best book on the history of the United States published in 1921; he followed it in 1923 with *Old New England, 1691-1776*; he has also written many magazine articles.

**CYRUS FAENCHER WILSON** (p. 478) was a Rhodes Scholar from Yale, and a graduate of her Law School. He has been in our country in Tangier, Panama and Nicaragua, and in the Naval Intelligence service throughout the world. He is now associate professor of International Law at the University of Miami, Florida.

**CHESTER T. CROWLEY** (p. 479) is an old newspaper man, having served on newspaper papers in the South and in the North. He is a frequent contributor to the reviews.

**H. ADAMS HOWE BRUCE** (p. 480) was time editor of the New York *Herald Review* and a frequent contributor to *The Outlook*. He is now in Cambridge, Mass., is a frequent contributor to magazines, and a lecturer on psychological subjects. Mr. Bruce has published many books, among them, *The Making of Personality, Psychology and Philosophy*.

**MAX REINHARDT** (p. 481) is a theatre director, has won international fame through his brilliant productions of classical and modern plays. In recent years Americans have had an opportunity to enjoy his work in such productions as *The Merchant of Venice, A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *The Death of Danton*.

**CHARLES A. BEARD** (p. 482) is a professor of politics at Columbia, has written several volumes of American and European history, and his wife, Mary R. Beard, are co-authors of one of the best American histories, *The American People and Their Habits*. He is also the editor of the new book of comment on the state of Western Civilization, *Western Civilization*.

**H. G. EMERY** (p. 483) is a man of wide experience. For a number of years he has been at the head of The Century Co. in New York, and was Editor-in-Chief of *The New Century Dictionary*, just published.

**EUNICE FULLER BARNARD** (p. 477), a frequent contributor to the newspapers and magazines, writes out of personal experience as well as official data on the appalling galaxy of new wants and necessities.

**JOHN BAKELISS** (p. 479) is editor of *The Living Age* and was formerly managing editor of *The Nation* and has worked on an impressive number of newspapers and magazines. His latest book is *The Origins of the New War*.

**MAJOR A. W. SMITH** (p. 481) is connected with a trading company in Rangoon.

**MAX MCGONIGAL** (p. 482) is at Harvard University, is author of *Collegiate Kindergarten*.

**GENERAL WILLIAM H. BARKER** (p. 483) was formerly Commander of the Air Force of the A. E. F., and Director of Military Operations of the U. S. Army.

**W. STUBBS** (p. 481) is with the General Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio.

**STUART CHAMBERLAIN** (p. 479) is author of *Four Men's Worth* and of *The Treasury of Work*, has demonstrated that both an economic and a social life can be not only sound but stimulating.

**MIRREYLE S. BUCKLEY** (p. 482) is the author of *The Common Sense of Money and Finance* and *Financial Advice to Women*. She was formerly financial and business editor of the New York Tribune and the New York Herald. At present, he writes a daily syndicated column, and is also an associate professor at Columbia University, giving two lectures to finance.

**ANNE HERGENROTHER** (p. 481) is a former newspaper journalist. Now she is helping to lead the Women's Committee in New York.

**FRED C. KELLY** (p. 482) is a newspaper man in Cleveland and Washington, he writes, but is now living on a farm in his native State.

**EARL HANSON** (p. 483) has many years in geographical and allied research in the Indian States, the Atlantic Coast, and in the West.



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